

THE GRAPHIC

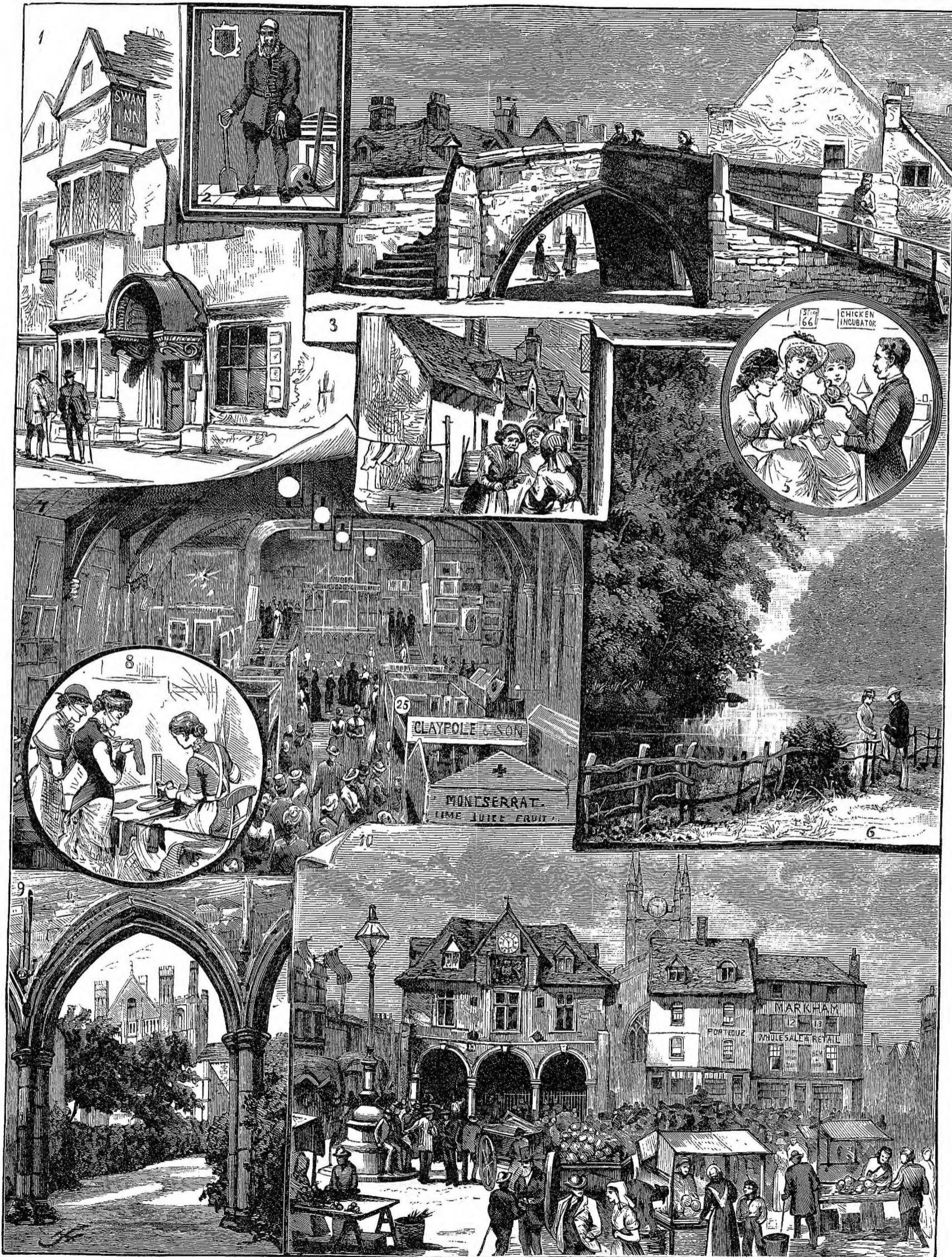
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1882

WITH EXTRA
SUPPLEMENT

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1. Porch of the Swan Inn.—2. Old Scarlett's Picture in the Cathedral.—3. Croyland Triangular Bridge.—4. The Almshouses.—5. "Just Hatched :" Chicken Incubators in the Exhibition.—6. The Lynch.—7. The Exhibition by Electric Light.—8. Stocking Knitting Machine in the Exhibition.—9. View from the Infirmary Ruins.—10. The Market Place.

THE INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION AT PETERBOROUGH—SKETCHES IN AND AROUND THE TOWN



THE ROYAL WEDDING.—The Queen has reigned so long—those who recollect her accession are getting quite elderly—and has shown such wisdom and prudence in the difficult position of a British Constitutional Sovereign, that for her sake alone the ceremony of Thursday last was the cause of universal congratulation. Moreover, an additional interest is imparted to the ordinary interest which weddings command, when the last of the boys of a large family takes to himself a wife. Then, of the Queen's sons, Prince Leopold is by no means the least popular. He has struggled manfully against the natural languor produced by frequent attacks of ill-health, which many young men born to affluence might have made an excuse for confirmed valetudinarianism, and he has shown, more than any of his brothers, that he is possessed of those intellectual gifts and aspirations by which his lamented father was distinguished, and on which he set such special value. Of Prince Leopold's bride the English people naturally know little at present, but that which they do know is all in her favour. As we have before had occasion to remark, these small German Principalities, although formerly they invited foreign aggression by the political disintegration which they produced, are not without their corresponding advantages. In them it is possible to follow the profession of Royalty in a primitive fashion such as is unattainable in a great Empire. It is therefore one of the accidental benefits arising from the existence of these Lilliputian Principalities that our Royal Princes have the opportunity of finding wives equal in rank to themselves, yet brought up with a simplicity which is impossible in a country such as this, where the social whirl and bustle is prodigious, and where wealth and rank are worshipped with an excessive devotion.

THE BUDGET.—No reasonable person could have expected a brilliant or a surprising Budget. Though an able financier, Mr. Gladstone is not, and does not profess to be, a conjuror, and therefore he cannot draw a quart of liquor from a pint measure. The days are gone by—and it is doubtful whether they will ever return—when the prosperity of the country was advancing "by leaps and bounds," and when consequently the revenue was so elastic that Mr. Gladstone was able in eloquent periods to announce sweeping reductions of taxation. All this has now changed, the Exchequer skies are leaden and grey, and we have a constantly "growing expenditure" with "a sluggish revenue." Finance is Mr. Gladstone's strongest point as a statesman, and although the announcement of a small addition to the carriage duty comes somewhat as an anti-climax at the end of a two hours' speech, yet the whole of his statement deserves careful perusal, and affords much food for reflection. Mr. Gladstone takes a rather gloomy view of our future financial prospects, but it is difficult to prove that he is wrong in this view. We nibble at our gigantic National Debt, whereas the Americans cut huge slices out of theirs. It is, however, but fair to remember that the United States still owns vast tracts of unsettled land, and that every year pours an increasing tide of emigrants into its harbours, whereas our virgin soils lie far across the sea, and have practically passed from under our control. But it is also fair to remember that the American success in paying off their debt is chiefly due to a tariff which Cobdenites regard as rank heresy. Now, apart altogether from any Fair Trade aspirations, do we not try and hatch our revenue eggs in too few baskets? If, as is hoped by reformers, Mr. Bright's vision of "a free breakfast table" becomes a fact, and if, at the same time, the working classes go on increasing in thrift and sobriety, there will be no great impost left except the Income Tax. Even the patient, much-enduring middle-class may grow restive, if, to repair the deficiency of other sources of revenue, the Income Tax should be raised to, say, eighteenpence in the pound. Yearly, as science advances, the Army and Navy must become more expensive; yearly, the Central Government is expected to do things which formerly were effected either locally or by private enterprise. Thus, even if we keep clear of actual war, there is little chance of the State requirements diminishing. It would therefore be prudent for our Imperial financiers to look out for fresh sources of revenue, though we are well aware that it is no easy matter to discover new taxes capable of yielding important amounts, without infringing the sacred principles of Free Trade.

MR. DARWIN.—Twenty years ago few observers would have believed that the death of Mr. Darwin would be regarded as a calamity not only by Englishmen, but by the whole civilised world. So rapidly has his fame extended that he is universally admitted to have been one of the greatest men of science, perhaps the very greatest whom this country has produced since the time of Newton. It is, of course, a mistake to represent him as the discoverer of the general law of evolution. He himself, the most modest of eminent men, never advanced any such pretension; he was, indeed, most scrupulous in acknowledging the services of his predecessors. His title to a lofty position in the history of human intelligence consists in the fact that he suggested a theory by which the process of evolution may be explained, and

supported his theory by a vast mass of evidence—evidence which is of high value, whether or not his particular way of interpreting it be accepted. It may be questioned whether any previous student ever produced so speedy and fundamental a change in contemporary modes of thought. In every department of inquiry his method is that which prevails; and it is found to solve multitudes of problems to which he himself could not have applied it, and which were formerly supposed to be insoluble. For a long time his doctrine excited bitter hostility, because it was believed to be hostile to Christianity and to all forms of religion. It is now better understood, as was shown by the admirable discourses delivered in Mr. Darwin's honour in St. Paul's and in Westminster Abbey. Scientific men may trace the process of evolution, but they can neither determine how the process began nor explain the ultimate significance of the laws by which it is regulated. These are questions beyond the range of science, and Mr. Darwin was always careful to show that the answers offered to them by theology were in no way affected by his researches.

WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.—Mrs. Fawcett made a sensible speech at the St. James's Hall meeting, and it is much easier to ridicule than to confute the arguments of herself and her adherents in favour of female suffrage. Still, it must be frankly admitted that the public generally are not greatly interested in the question. It cannot be said to have got into the sphere of practical politics, and it is doubtful whether for many a long day it will get there. The real reason, of course, is that women as a class, the people who ought to be vitally concerned, are very apathetic about their privileges. If the fair sex generally were really very desirous of the Parliamentary franchise they would get it before long, for, if thwarted, they could make themselves, both individually and collectively, so disagreeable to the other half of rational creation that the men would be forced to give in to them. Mrs. Fawcett and her friends, therefore, are quite right to keep hammering away at the subject, because if once they can convince even a moderate number (say twenty per cent.) of their sisters that there is something which they ought to have, but which they have not got, success will be, if not attained, at least within measurable distance of attainment. For this reason we think it is a mistake to limit the demand to women possessing the same qualifications as men who have a vote. So few women comparatively possess these qualifications that they generally stand aloof uninterested. We advise a more comprehensive battle-cry—namely, "Universal Womanhood Suffrage."

PRINCE BISMARCK AND THE REICHSTAG.—On Thursday the German Parliament was opened, and there can be no doubt that the Session will be rendered memorable by stormy debates. It might be thought that tobacco would not lend itself readily to exciting discussion, but by proposing a Tobacco Monopoly Prince Bismarck makes even the most sedative of plants the occasion of bitter party disputes. The measure is heartily disliked by the Liberals, and with very good reason. The Chancellor declares that the State would produce better and cheaper tobacco than private manufacturers; but if this were certain (and it is by no means certain), his opponents would still naturally object to make him master of a source of revenue over which Parliament would not have even indirect control. Fortunately for the Liberals, the proposal is quite as vigorously opposed, on different grounds, by other classes of politicians; so that it is extremely improbable that it will become law. Prince Bismarck's ambitious schemes for promoting the welfare of the working classes will also form the subject of a vast amount of angry talk. The Liberals cannot be quite confident that these schemes will share the fate of the Tobacco Monopoly Bill. The Clericals have not yet declared positively what course they intend to pursue, and the Chancellor may perhaps induce them to support him by advancing a few stages further in the direction of Canossa. That his semi-Socialistic plans would pacify the Socialists is believed by nobody who has tried to understand what is wanted by these exacting agitators. They wish to establish a system by which all property would sooner or later be equally divided, the Monarchy being of course displaced by a Democratic form of Government—a form of Government which would be incompatible with individual liberty except within strictly-defined limits. A party with such a programme as this cannot be satisfied by any favours offered by Prince Bismarck; but it is not at all impossible that their demands will be encouraged by his concessions. The Liberals, indeed, maintain that, whether he intends it or not, he is steadily playing into the hands of the Revolutionists.

BETWEEN BOULOGNE AND FOLKESTONE.—Doubtless last week Sir Edward Watkin won over a zealous batch of adherents to his Channel Tunnel scheme. Actual inconvenience is harder to bear than possible danger, and, despite the risks of a French invasion, the passengers who had the happiness to be on board the *Albert Edward* on Tuesday week are now probably ardent Tunnellites to a man. Fifteen hours crossing the Straits recalls the experiences of our grandfathers, when calms and foul winds rendered the transit across that narrow strip of salt water a matter of considerable uncertainty. And, after the cylinder burst, and the *Albert Edward* was drifting helplessly along, with no small risk of shipwreck should a gale of wind spring up, how it

must have enhanced the delights of the loyal passengers to know that while they, some hundred and twenty in number, were cooped up on board a crazy old boat, their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, with a small suite, were steaming merrily along in the spacious and powerful *Albert Victor*. Sir Edward Watkin asserts that the *Albert Edward*, and not the *Albert Victor*, would have been used for the ordinary passengers even if the Royal party had not appeared on the scene, nevertheless this seems a fitting opportunity for rebuking the snobbishness which treats Royal personages as if they were something apart from the rest of the community. It is especially the besetting sin of municipal, railway, and steam-packet officials. Royalty does not demand this homage as a matter of right, and, being usually good-natured, is genuinely sorry if it hears that the efforts for its comfort have inconvenienced the public, but nevertheless it gets accustomed to such acts of homage as a matter of course. As a matter of State policy, this excessive solicitude, this anxiety that there should not even be a crumpled roseleaf to disturb the repose of Royalty, does not increase the public regard for monarchical institutions. The writer of these lines remembers that he never felt more Republican in his views than once when he, with a number of others, was kept cooling his heels for two hours at Havant, until the train containing the Prince of Wales, who had been staying at Portsmouth, had whizzed by. The waiting crowd at Havant were certainly in no humour to sing "God Bless the Prince of Wales." Let us try for the future to treat these exalted folk in a more manly and independent manner; it will be wholesome both for them and for us.

ELECTORAL CORRUPTION.—The Government have no reason to be dissatisfied with the manner in which the House of Commons has received their Bill for the suppression of corrupt practices in Parliamentary elections. With respect to the principle of the measure, opinion is virtually unanimous. It is not disputed that bribery is much less common at the present time than it used to be thirty or forty years ago, but recent inquiries have shown that it still prevails in many parts of England, especially in small constituencies. Mr. James mentioned the case of a butcher in Kent who, when asked for his vote, replied, "Yes, sir, I shall be very happy to vote for you, if now and then you will give me a vote for a leg of mutton." This conception of civic virtue is shared by many electors who are not supposed to belong to the "residuum," and we should certainly not get rid of it very speedily if its abolition depended solely on the general improvement of the moral sentiments of the community. Even in constituencies where there is no direct corruption the expenses connected with elections are far too great, the result being that it is almost hopeless for any but rich men to think of becoming members of Parliament. Legislation is, therefore, unquestionably necessary, but it does not follow that the Bill introduced by the Attorney-General should be accepted in its present form. It seems unreasonable, for instance, that the maximum of legitimate expenditure should be the same in two constituencies of the same size, when an electoral contest in one of the constituencies goes on for a week and in the other for a month. A still more serious difficulty is created by the clause providing for the punishment of candidates who are guilty of bribery through their agents. Penalties ought, of course, to be inflicted on candidates who sanction corrupt practices: but it is surely going too far to say that a particular borough or county shall never be represented by a candidate whose cause is compromised, without his knowledge, by an indiscreet member of his committee. By all means let the punishment of proved offences be severe, but if the innocent are as liable to suffer as the guilty the effect will inevitably be to produce a reaction against the new law. In the treatment of even genuine offenders it would be a mistake to introduce harsher penalties than would be likely to commend themselves to an average jury.

MILK-CANS.—It is a proof of the general honesty of the public that milk-cans and beer-cans left outside houses usually remain unmolested. Exceptions, however, will occur; and the other day, at the Marylebone Police Court, a boy was charged with running off with a can containing a quart of milk. The magistrate enlarged on the monstrous of leaving the cans thus exposed, and added the admirable, but rather impracticable advice, that the milkman should ring the bell and wait until the people got up. Why, at this rate, poor "Simpson" would not finish his morning's round till midnight! The fact, as every housekeeper knows, is that the milkman is an early bird, and that very often, but especially on Sundays, he appears before either maid or mistress is up. The result is that the family milk is left standing till the family choose to take it in. Where there is an area, and the milkman takes the trouble to go down the steps, a certain amount of protection is afforded; but where the can is left standing on the public pathway, often for an hour or more, the wonder is that its contents do not oftener disappear. In spite of Mr. De Rutzen's homily, milkmen cannot afford to wait till lazy customers get up. It might answer (where there is no area) to have an aperture at the bottom of the door, capable of being closed, through which the milkman might place his can, so that it would at least be out of sight; but these are just the kind of improvements which most people are too apathetic to adopt, and so let us go on hoping that felonious appropriations of the morning's milk will continue to be rare.

LUNATICS AND THE STATE.—It was hardly to be expected that the House of Commons would accept the proposal of Mr. Leighton to transfer to the State the keeping of all classes of lunatics. Of late years the burdens of the State have become enormous, and an excellent case ought to be proved before any addition is made to their number. If the State were to undertake the treatment of lunatics, it might be urged with some show of reason, as Mr. Hibbert said, that it ought to assume the same responsibility towards the blind and towards the deaf and dumb. Whenever anything is understood to be defective in local administration, or even in the management of important private business, the first impulse of many people is to demand that the Government shall intervene; yet these same persons are often the first to cry out against the alarming increase of the national expenditure. Mr. Leighton altogether failed to show that public asylums would be improved by being maintained at the cost of the country rather than at that of the ratepayers; and he was still less successful in his argument for the abolition of private asylums. He advanced, however, good reasons for the opinion that private asylums should be subjected to a more rigid system of inspection than that which is at present in force. Several speakers insisted that private asylums are admirably managed, and in the great majority of cases this appears to be true. But there can be no doubt that grave abuses do occasionally occur. This was shown by Sir Richard Cross, who has had exceptional opportunities of investigating the question; and the fact is admitted in the latest report of the Commissioners. The existing system renders it possible that sane people may be confined in private asylums, that the inmates may be treated cruelly, and that they may be detained after they are cured. It would be easy to remedy these evils without the drastic changes advocated by Mr. Leighton.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA FOUR-PAGE FINE ART SUPPLEMENT, containing the following Engravings:—"A PAINTER AT WORK IN HIS STUDIO," from the Picture by SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A., exhibited at the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours; "THE MESSENGERS COMING TO JOB," from the Picture by MR. S. MELTON FISHER, which gained the Royal Academy Gold Medal, 1881; "BEREAVED," from the Picture by FRANK HOLL, A.R.A., exhibited at Messrs. Arthur Tooth and Sons' Gallery; "IN DOUBT," from the Picture by ERNST ZIMMERMANN, exhibited at the Royal Academy of Arts.—The Half-Sheet this week, though delivered in the middle of the Paper, must be placed for binding between pages 424 and 433.



LYCEUM.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING. EVERY EVENING, at 8. ROMEO AND JULIET. Romeo, Mr. Irving; Juliet, Miss Ellen Terry; Nurse, Mrs. Stirling; Messrs. Fernandez, Terrell, Howe, &c. MORNING PERFORMANCES, Saturdays, April 29 and May 6, 13, 20, and 27, at 2 o'clock. Box Office (Mr. Hurst) 10 to 5. Seats can be booked two months in advance.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

First appearance this season of Madame ALBANI. Saturday, April 29th, Verdi's Opera, LA TRAVIATA. Violetta, Madame Albani; Flora Berivoix, Madame Corsi; Anna, Madame Sonnino; Giorgio Germont, Signor Cotogni; Barone Duphol, Signor Scolora; Marchese, Signor Ughetti; Gastone, Signor Manfredi; Dottore Grenvil, Signor Raguer; and Alfredo, Signor Frapolli. Conductor, Mons. Dupont.

Monday, May 1st, Meyerbeer's Opera, LES HUGUENOTS. Concluding at the end of the third act.

Tuesday, May 2nd, Meyerbeer's Opera, DINORAH.

Thursday, May 4th (Subscription Night in lieu of Saturday, August 5th), Verdi's Opera, AIDA. (To commence at 8.15.)

Doors open at eight o'clock, the opera commences at half-past.

The Box-office, under the Portico of the Theatre, is open from 10 to 11.5. Orchestral stalls, £1 5s.; side boxes on the first tier, £3 3s.; upper boxes, £2 12s. 6d.; balcony stalls, 15s.; pit tickets, 7s.; amphitheatre stalls, 10s. 6d. and 5s.; amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

Programmes with full particulars can be obtained of Mr. Edward Hall, at the Box-office, under the Portico of the Theatre, where applications for boxes and stalls are to be made; also the principal Librarians and Music-sellers.

MADAME SOPHIE MENTER WILL GIVE HER LAST PIANOFORTE RECITAL, previous to her Provincial Tour, at ST. JAMES'S HALL on FRIDAY, May 5, at three o'clock. MADAME SOPHIE MENTER will play Beethoven's sonata, Op. 57 (Appassionata), and selections from Handel, Scarlatti, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Chopin, Rubinstein, and Liszt. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co., 84, New Bond Street; Chappell and Co., 50, New Bond Street, and at Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

HORSE SHOW.—AGRICULTURAL HALL, ISLINGTON.—ENTRIES CLOSE May 15. Show OPEN May 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, and June 1 and 2. Prize Lists and forms of Entry may be had on application to the Office, Barford Street, N.

AGRICULTURAL HALL COMPANY, LIMITED.—By Order, S. SIDNEY, Secretary and Manager.

MASKELYNE and COOKE, EGYPTIAN HALL, give their Marvellous Entertainment of Illusions and Sketches every afternoon at three and evening at eight. For further particulars see daily papers.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT. Managers, Messrs. Alfred Reed and Corney Grain.—St. George's Hall, Langham Place. "THE HEAD OF THE POLL," by Arthur Law, Music by Eaton Fanning, and a New Musical Sketch by Mr. Corney Grain, entitled "NOT AT HOME." Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday at Eight. Thursday and Saturday at Three. Admission 1s. and 2s., Stalls 3s. and 5s. No fees.

ARTHUR TOOTH and SONS' SPRING EXHIBITION of ENGLISH and CONTINENTAL PICTURES is NOW OPEN, including BASTIEN LEPAGE'S New Picture, *SAS MECHE*, at 5, Haymarket, opposite Her Majesty's Theatre.—Admission, One Shilling, including Catalogue.

INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—The FORTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION is now OPEN from 9 till 7. Admission 1s. Catalogue 6d. Gallery, 53, Pall Mall.

H. F. PHILLIPS, Sec.

THE LION AT HOME. By Rosa Bonheur. This splendid chef-d'œuvre, the latest production of this celebrated Artist. Also the complete engraved works of Rosa Bonheur. Now on exhibition at L. H. LEFÈVRE'S GALLERY, 12, King Street, St. James's, S.W. Admission One Shilling. 10 to 6.

THE EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of Pictures by Artisans of the British and Foreign Schools is NOW OPEN at Thomas McLean's Gallery, 7, Haymarket.—Admission, including Catalogue, 1s.

SAVOY GALLERY OF ENGRAVINGS, 115, STRAND.—NOW ON VIEW. "Besieged." Painted by F. Holl. Etched by Waltner. "What are the Wild Waves Saying?" Painted by C. W. Nicholls, Engraved by G. H. Every. All the Modern Publications On View.

DORE'S GREAT WORKS, "ECCE HOMO" ("Full of Divine dignity.")—*The Times* and "THE ASCENSION," with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM" and "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," and all his other great pictures at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street. Daily 10 to 6. One Shilling.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.—SUMMER EXHIBITION will OPEN on MONDAY, May 1st. Admission One Shilling, Season Tickets, Five Shillings.

THE ROYAL WEDDING.

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TEN YEARS' HOLIDAYS IN SWITZERLAND.

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BRIGHTON.—EVERY SUNDAY.—A Cheap First Class Train from Victoria at 10.45 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.

A Pullman Drawing Room Car is run on the 10.45 a.m. Train. Special Cheap Fare from Brighton, returning from Brighton by the 8.30 p.m. Train. Special Cheap Fare from Victoria, including Pullman Car, 10s., available by these Trains only.

Tickets and every information at the Brighton Company's West End General Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; City Office, Hays' Agency, Cornhill; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations.

(By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.



INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION AT PETERBOROUGH

SOME months since, with the object of liquidating the debt on St. Mark's Working Men's Club, Peterborough, it was resolved to hold an exhibition of work. Gradually, this small and unambitious conception fructified, the Committee worked arduously and perseveringly, the biggest building in the town (formerly a skating rink) was appropriated, and even this needed the addition of an annexe, till at length, on the 16th inst., an Industrial and Fine Art Exhibition was opened, of which Peterborough might well be proud, and which, forty years ago, could scarcely have been collected even in the metropolis, when the plans for the wide diffusion of artistic and other instruction, afterwards formulated by such men as the Prince Consort and Sir Henry Cole, were practically unknown to the public. Earl Spencer, Lord President of the Council, agreed to act as President of the Committee, and obtained for the Peterborough show a large and valuable loan collection from the South Kensington Museum. The opening ceremony was preceded by a banquet, given by the Mayor of Peterborough (Mr. J. Thompson). This banquet was attended by the Earl and Countess Spencer, the Duke of Grafton, the Bishop of Peterborough, and other distinguished personages. Afterwards the Exhibition was formally opened. Want of space forbids our attempting even the briefest enumeration of the objects exhibited; it is sufficient here to say that the show was a complete success, that it was visited during the first week by between 8,000 and 9,000 persons; and that it will close, so one of the indefatigable honorary secretaries, Mr. Rowland Hill (name of good augury), informs us, this day (Saturday), the 29th instant.

Our artist adds a few words in explanation of his drawings, and also requests us to convey his thanks to Mr. Rowland Hill, Mr. Frank Hill, and other members of the Exhibition Committee, for their assistance.

"Peterborough abounds in quaint old picturesque houses. The Swan Inn, with its richly-carved porch, is an example. Old Scarlett was sexton of the Cathedral for more than fifty years, and buried Catherine of Arragon and Mary Queen of Scots in the Cathedral. The body of the former still lies there, under a plain slab near the choir. That of the latter was removed by her son, James I., to Westminster Abbey. Scarlett died in 1594, aged 98. His picture, with spade, pick, keys, &c., is on the wall near the west door of the nave. This inscription is under:—

You see old Scarlett's pictvr stand on hie;
But at your feete there doth his body lye.
His gravestone doth his age and death time shew;
His office by these tokens yov may know.
Second to none for strength and stvrdye lymm,
A scabareye mighty voice, with visage grim,
He had interd two Queenes within this place,
And this towne's householders in his lives space
Twice over. But at length his own tvm came;
What hee for others did for him the same
Was done. No dobt his sovl doth live for aye
In Heaven, tho' here his body clad in clay.

"He is apparently thought a good deal of in the town, for I noticed 'Old Scarlett's Almanack,' 'Old Scarlett's Cigarettes,' 'Old Scarlett's Matches,' &c.

"At Croyland, near Peterborough, is a triangular Gothic bridge, three ways over, meeting in the centre. This is, I believe, a unique specimen. Nos. 5, 7, and 9 are sketches in the Fine Art and Industrial Exhibition. 'The Lynch' is a pleasant walk alongside the river."

DANTE G. ROSSETTI

AT the early age of fifty-three Dante Gabriel Rossetti, one of the most original of our painters, and one of our most gifted poets, has died after a lingering illness. The patriotic Italian poet, Gabriele Rossetti, and Frances Polidori, the sister of Lord Byron's Dr. Polidori, were his parents, and his father, forced to take refuge in England, obtained the Professorship of Italian at King's College, and became well known in literary circles as a commentator on remarkable talent, writing a play, *The Slave*, at the age of five, and at fourteen, a poem, "Sir Hugh Heron." "The Blessed Damozel" and "Sister Helen" were produced two years later, when also his translations from the early Italian poets were begun. It was mainly, however, as a painter that his talents in early life were considered to lie, and after receiving his primary education partly at private schools, and partly at King's College, he entered the Art Academy of Cary, near Bedford Square, and subsequently the Royal Academy

On MAY 6, in Commemoration of the Marriage of H.R.H.

it is intended to issue, as on former occasions, a SPECIAL EXTRA DOUBLE NUMBER OF

This Number will be full of Illustrations of the principal incidents of the Marriage Ceremony, together with many other Engravings of the Presents, Bridesmaids, Views, and Portraits. A LARGE EXTRA PLATE.

And which has been prepared with great care, will also be presented with this Number. This PLATE OF PORTRAITS OF

is from Paintings from life, executed by the Special Artist of THE GRAPHIC, to whom their Royal Highnesses granted several sittings for the purpose.

An interestingly-written Biography of the Prince will form an acceptable feature of the Number, and the whole will be enclosed in an elegantly designed cover printed in

Antique School. His early taste, however, seems to have been greatly formed by his friendship with Mr. Madox-Brown, and, together with a small band of fellow-students, he conceived a great distaste for the prevailing conventional and academic style of art, and formed the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, which was to revive mediævalism and the style of the early Florentine School. In 1849 he exhibited his first picture, "The Girlhood of the Virgin," but the merciless ridicule which the eccentricities of the new school evoked appear to have deterred him from, with one exception, exhibiting any other of his works. In this case, however, ridicule by no means killed the movement, which, with the help of many of our best known artists, has exercised and is exercising a telling influence on English Art. The general public, however, know very little of Rossetti's pictures, and if only from this point of view the promised exhibition of his paintings will indeed be welcome. Amongst his most prominent works are "Dante's Dream," purchased by the Liverpool Corporation, "Venus Astarte," various illustrative pictures from Dante, "The Bride," and "Proserpine," one of his latest works. As a writer in *The Times* remarks, "Mr. Rossetti may be broadly stated to have been a colourist rather than a draughtsman. In the former respect he was perhaps unrivalled, certainly unsurpassed, by any living painter. There is in his best work a depth and a subdued glow of colour which surround his figures with an atmosphere of beauty, whatever the subject may happen to be. Apart from this Mr. Rossetti had realised a very high type of female beauty, which albeit somewhat monotonous, could never fail to arouse the admiration of those not satisfied with the prettiness and cleverness of conventional modern Art."

It is, however, chiefly as the poet that Rossetti is known to the outside world, and of his literary works, the pictorial beauty of the longer lyrics, the ineffable sweetness of his sonnets and on his charming translations from the Italian poets it would be superfluous to dwell here, "while," writes Mr. Theodore Watts in the *Athenaeum*, "wonderful as was Rossetti as an artist and poet he was still more wonderful as a man. The chief characteristic of his conversation was an incisiveness so perfect and clear as to have often the pleasurable surprise of wit." He was afflicted with a constant insomnia which drove him to that dangerous refuge of the sleepless, chloral, and Mr. Watts tells us that his curiously retired habits were increased by this cruel malady; one of the most distressing effects of insomnia being a nervous shrinking from personal contact with any, save a few personal friends. In 1860 Mr. Rossetti married Miss Elizabeth Eleanor Siddall, who died a short time after the birth of their first child, and whose loss was most acutely felt by the bereaved husband. During last autumn Mr. Rossetti's health showed serious signs of breaking, and after spending a short time in Cumberland he went to Birkington-on-Sea, where he died on Sunday week, and where he now lies buried.—Our portrait is from a photograph by W. and D. Downey, London and Newcastle-on-Tyne.

HENRY WOODS, ESQ., A.R.A.

MR. HENRY WOODS, the new Associate of the Royal Academy, was born at Warrington in 1846, and educated in the Grammar School there. He first studied art in the Warrington School of Art, under its present master, Mr. J. Christmas Thompson, and afterwards at South Kensington, and was engaged for some time upon illustrations for books and periodicals, having been a member of the artistic staff of *The Graphic* from its commencement. He first exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1869. His first picture of any importance was exhibited in 1873, "Going Home," a Thames subject. Since then he has exhibited "Haymakers," "A Nosegay," "Convalescents at Highgate," "A Venetian Ferry," "Street Trading in Venice," "The Ducal Courtyard," "The Gondolier's Courtship," and "The Foot of the Rialto."—Our portrait is from a photograph by the Brothers Vianelli, Venice.

THE DUNDEE SEALING FLEET IN THE ICE

OUR illustration, from a sketch by Mr. John W. Hayward, represents the six Dundee seal fishers forcing their way through the ice into St. John's Bay, Newfoundland, on the 9th March. They had been detained in the ice until then, and as the 10th was the legal day for the sailing of the Newfoundland boats there was considerable excitement created lest the latter, fourteen in number, should get too great a start of them. Indeed, when the Dundee vessels had succeeded in fighting a passage into the Narrows, the Newfoundlanders were already forcing their way into the harbour. On the former reaching the Narrows they found a vast jam of Arctic ice which had drifted there, and which the hard frost this winter had frozen to the extent of five feet thickness. The *Aurora* rammed it, and then the Commodore in the *Arctic* hove in sight, and came full speed on the ice, but scarcely got her length through before she was brought to a standstill. Next the *Thetis* and *Narval* had a turn, the *Arctic* having backed out again. The *Arctic* having completed a mile circle then made again for the ice, passing the other ships as they were returning, and exchanging salutes with them. "On we sped," writes the artist, "until full speed, say eight knots, were attained, when crash she went, sending ice and snow high in the air with the glistening spray surmounting it. The vessel thundered, shook, and groaned, the spectators on the ice ran for their lives, fearing in our headlong rush that we should bring them beneath the vast *debris* of ice, but we soon lost way and stopped, the ice being as tough as gutta percha. The order was then given for the people on board to run in a body from port to starboard, for the purpose, if possible, of rocking her, so as to shake the ice off the sides. All to no purpose, however, and it took the four vessels until noon to get in. The sketch was taken just as she struck the first blow. By her side are the *Aurora*, the *Thetis*, *Narval*, and *Plover*, all awaiting their turn."

MR. C. D. CLIFFORD LLOYD

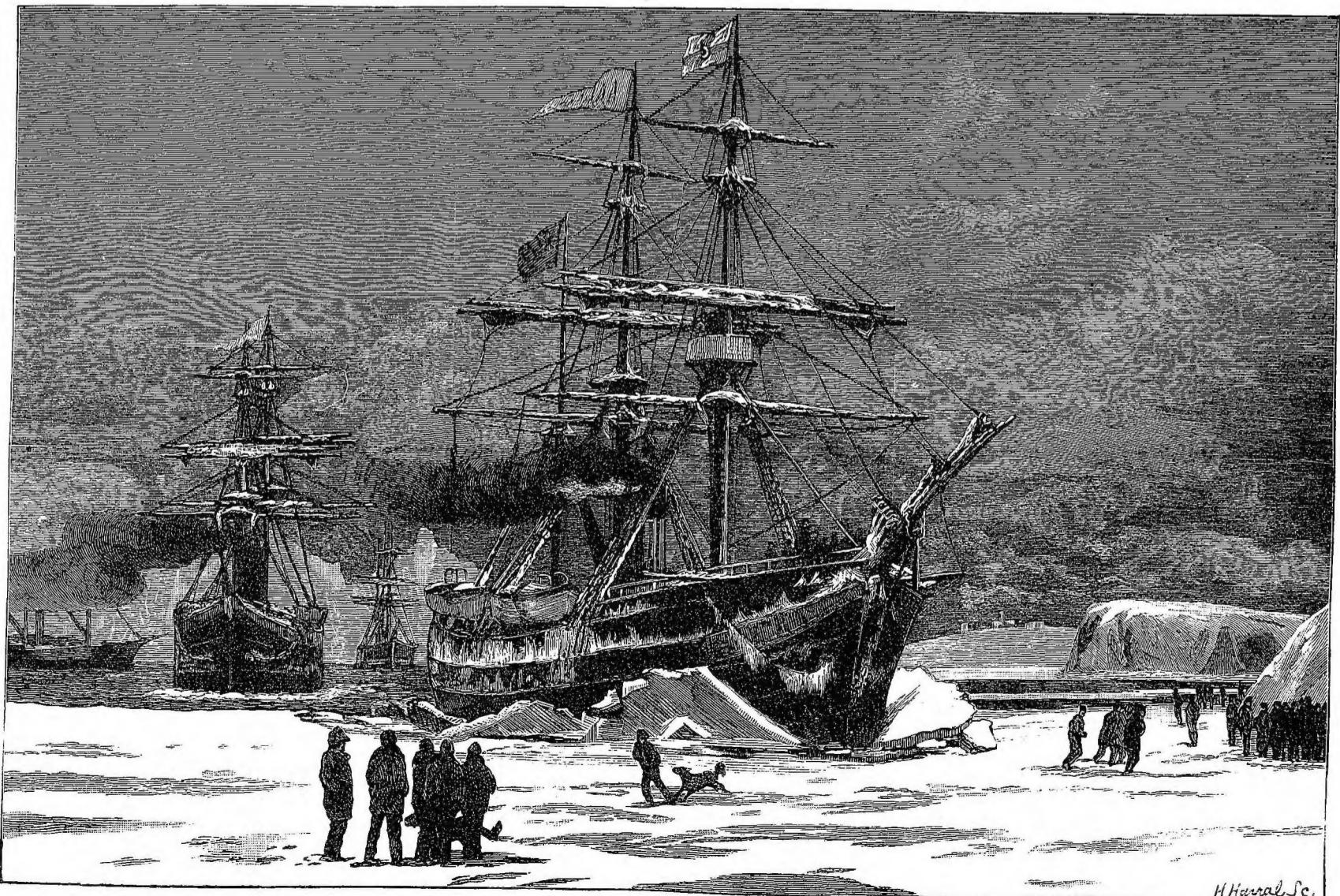
MR. C. D. CLIFFORD LLOYD, Special Resident Magistrate for Limerick and Clare, was born 13th January, 1844. His father was the late Colonel Clifford Lloyd, commanding the 76th Hindostan Regiment. His mother was a Miss Savage, Co. Down, Ireland. Mr. Lloyd was brought up for the army, and entered the Military College, Sandhurst. But an appointment in the Burmese Commission being offered him by the present Sir Arthur Phayre, he did duty for a time with the armed police in British Burmah, for which he received great credit, being nine times thanked by the Government for his services, and then was made Assistant-Commissioner of Rangoon. At the age of twenty-seven he was appointed to act for some months as Director General of Education in the Province under General Fytche's administration. In 1872 he was appointed Deputy Commissioner. Suffering from the effects of the climate, he came to England on leave. He then studied for the Bar, to which he was called in 1875. He was appointed Resident Magistrate of Co. Down, Ireland, by Lord Spencer. He showed so much judgment and discretion in his Northern duties that the Government employed him on special duty in Longford in 1881; and on leaving it, not only did he receive letters of thanks from the gentry around, but was thanked by the venerable Roman Catholic Bishop for the firm but merciful manner in which he had dealt with the people in restoring order in the county. The rustics in that county called him "Clever Side." In May, 1881, he was sent to Kilmallock, and in December, 1882, he was promoted to be Special Magistrate, having complete control over Limerick and Clare, the most disturbed districts in Ireland. Needless to say his life is daily threatened, even from America. He wears no coat of mail (according to popular belief). His pluck is his sole protection. Where he can exercise mercy he does so, but is a strict upholder of



DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI
Died April 9th, aged 53



MR. HENRY WOODS
The New Associate of the Royal Academy

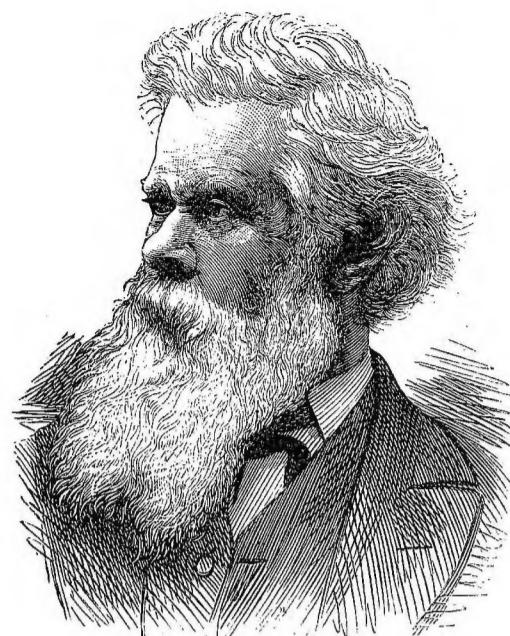


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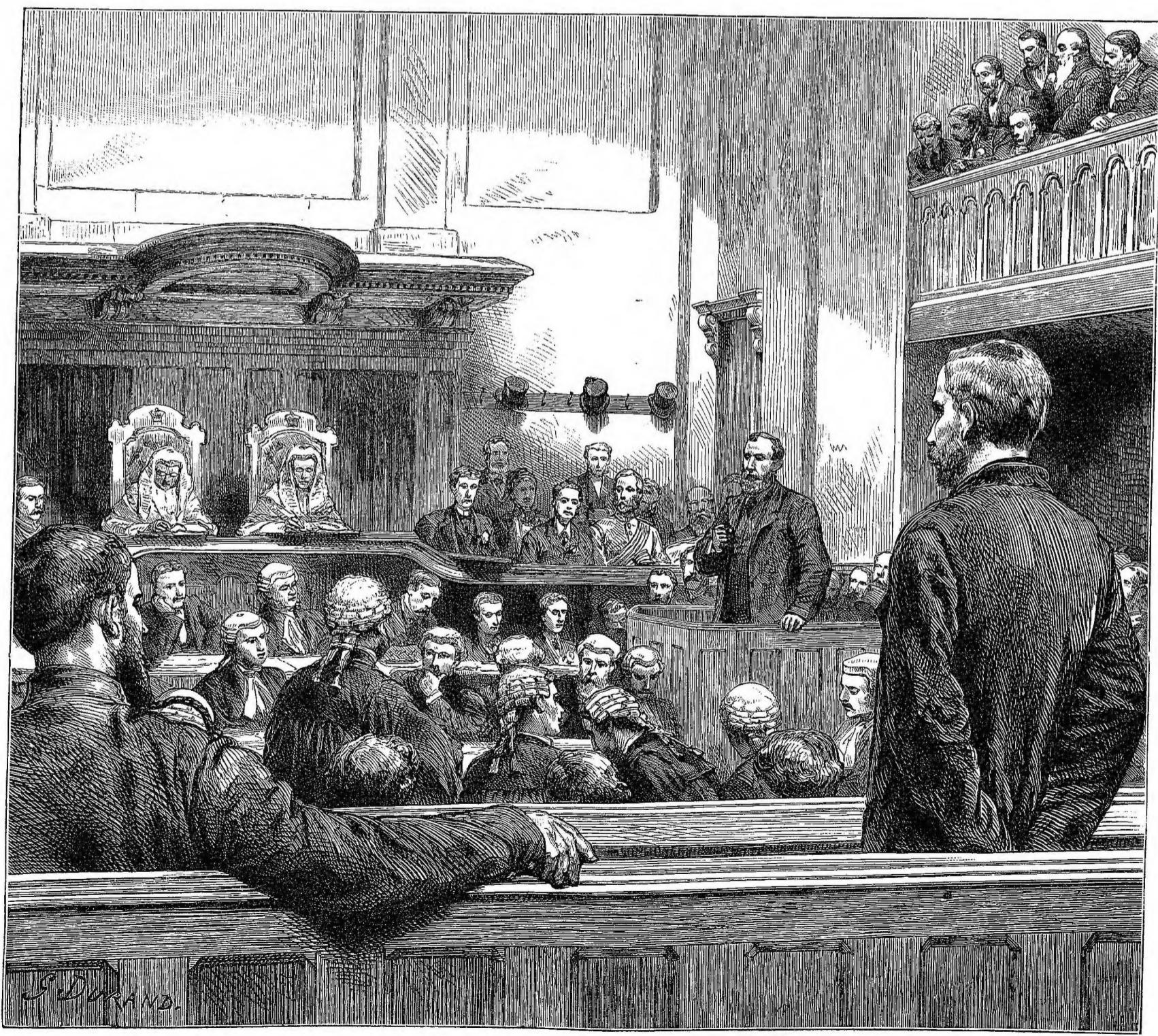
THE NEWFOUNDLAND SEAL FISHERIES—THE DUNDEE FLEET FORCING ITS WAY THROUGH THE ICE INTO ST. JOHN'S HARBOUR



MR. C. D. CLIFFORD LLOYD, SPECIAL RESIDENT MAGISTRATE
FOR LIMERICK AND CLARE, IRELAND



SIR HENRY PARKES, K.C.M.G., PREMIER AND COLONIAL
SECRETARY OF NEW SOUTH WALES



The Judges

Superintendent Hayes Explaining How the Revolver Was Held

Roderick Maclean (The Prisoner)

the law. A heated discussion recently took place in Parliament respecting the erection of Land League huts. Mr. Sexton complained that Mr. Lloyd had prevented at Tulla the erection of these huts, which were intended for the shelter of evicted tenants. Mr. Forster replied that "the alleged charity was a sham. These huts were built, not to shelter tenants who had been evicted, but as a menace to others not to take the land." Mr. Clifford Lloyd married in 1866 Nina, the only daughter and heiress of Captain Sabine-Browne, late of the 85th Light Infantry and Rifle Brigade. Mr. Wilford Lloyd, of the Royal Horse Artillery, who had such a narrow escape of being shot in Clare not long ago, is a younger brother of Mr. Clifford Lloyd, and did good service in Zululand, being several times mentioned in despatches.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker Street, W.

SIR HENRY PARKES, K.C.M.G.

SIR HENRY PARKES is Premier of New South Wales, and by his statesmanlike qualities and the policy of Free Trade which he has pursued he has placed that Colony in the foremost position among the dependencies of the British Empire. He is now on a visit to this country, and has met with a reception from our leading statesmen and other eminent persons which for cordiality and warmth has seldom been surpassed in the case of any distinguished man from any part of the world. He is in every sense a self-made man. He is a native of England, having been born at Stoneleigh, in Warwickshire, in the year 1815. His education was begun at a dame's school in Kenilworth, and so far as schools were concerned was completed at Gloucester when he was eleven years of age. His parents having fallen into distress, he was obliged to earn his own living at a very early period of his life; but this early necessity to labour bred in him a spirit of independence, energy, and self-reliance to which he owes much of the success of his subsequent career. Even in these boyish days he entered heartily into the political movements of the time, and educated himself in the study of political and social questions. In 1839 he went out to New South Wales, and so dependent was he then upon the labour of his hands for his daily bread that, as he told his Parliamentary auditors at a banquet given in his honour on leaving Sydney, he one day picked up sixpence, which was the only means he had of providing himself on that day with a meal. He worked for some time in an iron store, and then in a foundry; he afterwards established himself as a toy-maker, and then as a dealer in toys. He first took part in political life in 1848, when he acted as one of the secretaries to a committee formed to secure the election of Mr. Robert Lowe (now Viscount Sherbrooke) for the city of Sydney. In the following year he interested himself prominently in the great agitations for the discontinuance of transportation to New South Wales, and for the introduction of a system of self-government. In December, 1850, he started the *Empire* newspaper, which he conducted for seven years. By that time he had begun to make himself known in Sydney as a public speaker and a political power. He was returned to Parliament in 1854, and again in 1856 he was elected one of the four representatives of Sydney in the new Legislative Assembly. His political career since then has not been without mistakes and reverses, but it is admitted on all hands that he has been a great benefactor to his adopted Colony, and his name will always be honourably associated with many valuable measures which he has been largely instrumental in passing. His steady determination to make New South Wales a Free Trade Colony, while some of the sister Australasian Colonies are rigidly Protectionist, is worthy of special note. The Colony is deservedly proud of such a Prime Minister; and the fact that he unselfishly declined to receive a very handsome money testimonial which the citizens on his leaving Sydney proffered to him, has greatly enhanced his popularity. On Saturday, the 15th inst., Sir H. Parkes paid a visit to his native place, and was hospitably entertained by Lord Leigh at Stoneleigh Abbey.—Our portrait is from a photograph by T. H. Boyd, 250, George Street, Sydney.

THE OUTRAGE ON THE QUEEN—TRIAL OF MACLEAN

WHEN it was announced that the wretched imbecile who had attempted the life of our beloved Sovereign was to be tried for High Treason, that two judges, one of them the Lord Chief Justice of England, would sit in judgment upon him, and a mighty array of law officers of the Crown and leading members of the legal profession would take part in the proceedings, it was feared by many that too much fuss was being made over the matter, and that the notoriety thus conferred upon the offender might possibly prove an inducement for other weak-minded and evil-disposed persons to imitate him. These fears, however, were happily dispelled by the admirable celerity with which the whole matter was disposed of. The pompous formalities made actually necessary by the law were of course gone through, but, by general consent, the business was got over as quickly as possible. The fact of the shooting being indisputable and undisputed, the defending counsel refrained entirely from cross-examinations, and the defence of insanity was established with equal clearness, the array of medical witnesses in support of it being overwhelming. The speeches of the contending counsel, and the summing-up of the judge, were models of brevity; and the jury, after an absence of only a few minutes, returned with the verdict which every one had anticipated, "Not Guilty, on the Ground of Insanity." There remained only the formality of making the order for his detention during Her Majesty's pleasure, and all was over. Thus ended a trial, the simplicity and effectiveness of which, combined with its perfect fairness and justice, one cannot help contrasting with the strange travesty of judicial procedure which took place in America in the case of the assassin Guiteau.

"AN UNPLEASANT JOURNEY"

THIS picture, by Alfred Werner Kowalski, and which is engraved by permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, Rathbone Place, depicts a far from uncommon incident of winter travelling in Russia. Two peasants in a roughly-made country sledge are nearing a village when they are assailed by a pack of wolves. The horses, who have heard the hoarse baying of their implacable enemies, need little whipping up; they seem to fly over the hard frozen snow, while the men with shouts and blows from whip and gunstock strive to beat off the animals who, swift and agile, take advantage of a sudden check to the vehicle from a bushy hedge to spring upon the sledge and attack the occupants. There is little fear for the latter, however, as the village is well in sight, and a very few minutes will carry them well out of danger. Had they been a few miles in the open country matters would have looked far more serious, and they would probably have had to practise the old device of cutting free one of the horses, leaving him a victim to the hungry wolves, and speed on themselves to a place of safety.

VOLUNTEERING IN BRITISH BURMAH

THE Volunteers in British Burmah are wont to spend their Christmas holidays by forming a camp of exercise at Insein, the dépôt of the Irrawaddy State Railway, about nine miles from Rangoon. The corps represented this year were the Moulmein Rifles, the Rangoon Rifles, the R. I. S. Railway Rifles, the Rangoon Artillery Volunteers, and the Akyab Rifles. These corps, with the exception of the first-named, constitute an Administrative Battalion, of which Sir Charles W. Aitchison is the Honorary Colonel.

Our sketches depict a few incidents of the trip of the Moulmein contingent. The transit from Moulmein to Rangoon was made in the Indian Government steamer *Enterprise*, placed at the disposal of the corps by Mr. Bernard, the Acting Chief Commissioner of

British Burmah. The troops embarked in a couple of the large cargo boats used for conveying export rice and paddy to steamers lying in the river. Once on board, everything was made snug and comfortable, the only military requirements being an occasional roll call or inspection of arms, and accoutrements, and a bit of "sentry go." From Rangoon to the camp the men were transported by rail, and then they settled down to life under canvas for nine or ten days.

The illustrations are explained by their titles. No. 3 portrays the agony of a late riser attempting to accomplish a shave, with the expectation of hearing the second bugle-call every moment. In No. 5 we have the "team-man" of the shooting party ill, and his comrades using strong measures to bring him up to the scratch. They are not effective, however, for though in No. 6 we see him "at scratch," with a wet towel round his head—the team cup was lost to the corps by 446 to 445. The next sketch is a portrait of Mr. Bernard, who takes a great interest in Volunteering, and who came down to see the firing. He annually gives the Championship Prize, and this year gave a banquet at Government House, Rangoon, to the officers and non-commissioned officers of the various corps. The camp broke up on the following day, leaving only the Moulmein men under canvas, and just before that corps left, there was one occasion when the surgeon dined in solitary state to the strains of the band.—Our illustrations are from sketches by Mr. G. W. St. Clair.

"MARION FAY"

MR. TROLLOPE'S New Story, illustrated by W. Small, is continued on page 425.

THE LATE PROFESSOR DARWIN,

AND

THE LATE SIR HENRY COLE.

See pages 428 and 429.

THE OVERLAND ROUTE, II.

THE gambling instinct is never stronger than when, as on board ship, people have little or nothing to do. On board sailing ships the anticipated day's run used to be the subject of considerable betting, and the custom has been continued on steamers, although, being comparatively independent of wind and weather, the number of daily miles accomplished by a steamer is less liable to fluctuation. Then, too, lotteries are held or sweepstakes established, the hour of arrival at the next port of call taking the place of the winning horse. The game of Bull is a somewhat elaborated form of deck-quoits. The quoits, however, though made of rope, are smaller than those commonly used, and instead of being pitched on to the bare deck are played on to a board on which eight squares are delineated. The central square is marked with the head of a bull, and he or she whose quoit rests within this square is proclaimed the winner.—These engravings, as well as the former set which appeared in our issue of the 15th inst., are from sketches by Lieut.-Colonel Alfred Harcourt, Deputy Commissioner, Rohtuck, Punjab, India.

OUR FINE ART SUPPLEMENT

THREE out of these four engravings need no explanation from us, but we may mention that Ernst Zimmermann's picture, "In Doubt," is from the collection of W. H. Michael, Esq., 54, Cornwall Gardens; while Frank Holl's picture, "Bereaved," belongs to F. W. Amsden, Esq., of Lawrie Park, Sydenham. The Royal Academy offer a Gold Medal and a Travelling Studentship, tenable for one year, for the best historical painting. These prizes have been won by Mr. S. Melton Fisher with his picture of "The Messengers Coming to Job" (Job i., 18, 19). Mr. Fisher was educated at Dulwich College, studied for a short time in the studio of M. Bonnaffons at Havre, and having worked at the Lambeth School of Art, entered in 1876 the Schools of the Royal Academy, in the Galleries of which he has been an exhibitor for several years. He is now in Rome, having taken advantage of his Travelling Studentship.

ROUND THE WORLD YACHTING.—XVI.

SINGAPORE, the capital of the Straits Settlements, is situated on an island at the extreme south of the Malay Peninsula, from which it is divided by a very narrow channel. In 1819, when it came into our possession, there was a population of 150 persons; there are now upwards of 100,000. Many of these, as in Penang, are Chinese, while there are a large number of Klings, as the Hindoos are locally called. The town extends along the shores of the Bay for a distance of about three miles, and has, from the seaward side, a very pretty appearance. The climate is thoroughly equatorial, moist and warm all the year round, but never excessively hot. The vegetation is most luxuriant, and the country round Singapore has all the effect of an immense tropical garden. Driving through the Kling quarter our artist saw the bier of a Hindoo being decorated by the priests in front of a house. It was a pretty sight, as it was ornamented profusely with flags, plantain leaves, flowers, and coloured paper. A large crowd of friends and others stood about, while the mourners, one of whom is represented on the right of the picture with an umbrella under his arm, visited the deceased. We have already, in a previous article, mentioned that the Maharajah of Johore most hospitably invited the *Ceylon* passengers to his Estana or Residence, which lies across the Strait on the main land. The Maharajah is master of a territory about half as big as Scotland; it is very fertile, and he does his utmost to develop its resources. The Maharajah sent his own pilot and steam launch to meet the *Ceylon* passengers, they were received on the landing steps by a guard of native soldiers, and were each separately introduced to his Highness, whom the ladies describe enthusiastically as a "charming old man." Then came dinner, followed by a ball; in the morning the visitors wandered over the beautiful grounds; and next day the Maharajah lunched on board the *Ceylon*, being vigorously cheered on his departure. The scene sketched at a Malay theatre in Singapore represents an impending combat.



THE BUDGET.—Mr. Gladstone's financial statement on Monday was tame compared with some of his former achievements in the same line, but no one was either surprised or disappointed, as it was pretty well known beforehand that no special *coup* was contemplated. The Conservative papers sneer at his paltry surplus of 350,000*l.*, but the *Pall Mall Gazette* points out that he would have been able to make a very handsome remission of taxation if he had not had to pay the "post-obits of Jingoism," and that this was equally the case last year and the year before. In 1880 the charges incurred by the policy of the late Administration were 2,347,000*l.*; in 1881 they rose to 3,842,000*l.* This year they amount to 2,170,000*l.*, made up as follows:—The six millions war vote, 1,460,000*l.* The Afghan war, 500,000*l.* The Indian loan, 120,000*l.* Cyprus, 90,000*l.* Altogether Mr. Gladstone has had to find 8,359,000*l.* to meet the bills incurred by the spirited foreign policy of his predecessors. No wonder there is no surplus. It is easier to get rid of an Administration than to escape payment for its liabilities.

POLITICAL AFFAIRS.—The one extra-Parliamentary speech of the week has been that of Sir William Harcourt, at Derby, on Tuesday. He deprecated the "marked deterioration in the tone of public manners" as a "national misfortune," though he believed that the "violent injustice" and "venomous malignity" with which Mr. Gladstone had been assailed did much more good than harm to the Government which they were intended to destroy. The talk about Mr. Gladstone dictating to his party was the veriest nonsense, the allegiance rendered to him was cheerful, spontaneous, genuine, and steadfast. He was chosen because of his fitness to lead, for they did not want a flabby mollusc, but a man who knew what he meant, and was resolved to do it. Referring to Ireland he said that the policy of the Government had been to provide a remedy for all just complaints, and put down the agitation which aimed, not at lawful reforms, but the disintegration of the Empire. If the Lords' Committee on the Land Act had been allowed to proceed unchallenged all hope of conciliation in Ireland would have been at an end.

THE PARLIAMENTARY OATH.—Mr. George Jacob Holyoake, turning over an old forgotten portfolio, has discovered a letter, written to him in August, 1868, by the late J. S. Mill, in answer to the query on what grounds he had been able to take the oath as a member of Parliament. Mr. Mill said, "I conceive that when a bad law has made that a condition to the performance of a public duty, it may be taken without dishonesty by a person who acknowledges no binding force in the religious part of the formality, unless he has made it the special and peculiar work of his life to testify against such formalities, and against the beliefs with which they are connected." The application of this to the Bradlaugh case is self-evident.

ELECTION NEWS.—Mr. Edward James Stanley (Conservative), has been returned without opposition for West Somerset, in succession to Major Vaughan Lee, resigned.

WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.—On Monday Mrs. Fawcett, the wife of the Postmaster-General, presided over a crowded meeting held at St. James's Hall, in support of Mr. Mason's pending resolution in the House of Commons. Some comments on the subject will be found in our "Topics of the Week."

IRELAND.—Mr. Parnell has returned quietly to Kilmainham, and, though the *Daily News* state that while in London he had several conferences with leading members of his party in the House of Commons, he appears to have kept strictly within the conditions of his parole. Now that he has been thus trusted for a fortnight it may not unfairly be asked why the confidence reposed in him should not be extended to a longer period. The rumour that Mr. Dillon is about to be released is probably unfounded, as his health is not such as to make confinement dangerous. Miss Hannah Reynolds, the lady Land Leaguer, who spent some time in prison, at Cork, has been re-committed for six months, on her refusal to find bail to be of good behaviour. The circular issued by the Constabulary Inspector for Clare, promising to exonerate any man who might "accidentally commit an error in shooting any person," a document which the *Times* thought "irresistibly comic," has, of course, been withdrawn, by order of Mr. Forster. A fresh batch of outrages are reported this week, and amongst them an attempted assassination at Cork, and a murder near Longford. The latter, however, seems to have been the outcome of a family feud rather than of agrarianism, and the murderer has given himself up to the police.

THE WIMBLEDON RIFLE MEETING is to be held from the 10th to the 22nd of July. No alterations have been made in the size or division of the targets, but the positions in all volunteer contests will be at 200 yards standing or kneeling; at 500 and 600 sitting, kneeling, or prone; at 800, 900, and 1,000 any position. In "All Comers" competitions any position not unsuited to the firing points and targets will be allowed at all ranges. One of the principal additions to the prize list is the Brinsmead Challenge Shield, for Martini-Henry rifles, to be competed for by teams of six men each—Regulars, Militia, or Volunteers—at a new kind of target, the size of a man, which will appear and disappear nine times, at irregular intervals, but will be in view for fifteen seconds, during which time each man may load and fire one shot, the squads advancing quickly after each shot, and halting to load and fire when the target reappears. Contrary to expectations the St. George's Challenge Vase appears in the list under the old conditions, but there is a very important alteration in the contest for the Queen's Prize. The first stage will consist of two parts,—Part 1 at the old first stage ranges at 200, 500, and 600 yards; and Part 2, ten shots at 500 and 600 yards: to be shot on the Saturday in the first week by the 300 men who make the best scores in Part 1. The second stage will be shot for by the sixty men who stand highest in the first stage.

THE RECENT OUTRAGE ON THE QUEEN.—On Thursday last week, Her Majesty held a Court at Windsor Castle for the purpose of receiving addresses of congratulation on her escape from assassination. Addresses were presented from the Lord Mayor and Corporation, the Court of Lieutenancy of London, the Corporations of Edinburgh and Dublin, and from the English Presbyterian ministers; and, after the Queen had graciously replied to each, the various representatives were individually presented to Her Majesty, and had the honour of kissing hands.

THREATENED DESTRUCTION OF PUBLIC BUILDINGS.—If the adage that "threatened men live long" applies also to men's handiwork, our public buildings may be looked upon as well insured, for they are threatened often enough. This week we have quite a batch of menacing announcements. Woolwich Barracks are to be blown up, the Glasgow Municipal Buildings are to be destroyed, and Durham Cathedral and Leeds Parish Church are doomed to a like fate. There is, however, a chance of saving the last two at the trifling cost of 20*l.* each, that being the price demanded by a real or pretended plotter, who, we are happy to say, has over-reached himself, and fallen into the hands of the police.

THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL TO LORD BEACONSFIELD, which is being executed by Signor Raggi for erection in Parliament Square, will be ready for casting in August next. The subscription list, which has now closed, has yielded 6,364*l.*, an amount which leaves a surplus of 2,000*l.*, the disposal of which has been referred by the General Committee of the Fund to a special Sub-Committee.

THE PARCELS POST.—It is said to be practically settled that the revenue derived from the new Parcels Post is to be equally divided between the Post Office and the railway companies, who are bound, amongst other conditions, to forward the packets by fast trains, and not by the ordinary goods service. In rural districts (and we presume in London and other towns also) carts, ponies, and carrying assistants are to be employed as circumstances require. The new system will involve considerable expense on the part of the Government, in providing extra rooms for storage, stamping, &c., the present sorting-rooms at the different post-offices being obviously insufficient and unsuitable for the new service.

THE RIOTS IN WALES AND CORNWALL.—At Wrexham last week a large number of miners, on strike against a reduction of wages, made a savage attack upon the officers of the Westminster Colliery, and a hand-to-hand encounter with a body of police ensued, in which serious injuries were sustained by both sides. Military aid was sent for, and for several days a detachment of troops has been quartered in the district, but no further disturbance is apprehended. At Camborne, too, where the origin of the trouble was a quarrel between the natives and some Irish settlers, it has been necessary to employ the military and special constables in preserving order, it being stated that Major Pike shut up his 150 policemen in the station house instead of sending them out to quell the disturbance. Comparative quiet is now restored, but a renewed outbreak may

looked for at any moment. A man named Bond, who was arrested as a leader of the English mob, has been discharged, the evidence against him being insufficient, but one of the so-called "Young Irishmen" has been committed for trial. On Wednesday at a meeting of some of the leading residents, presided over by Lord Mount Edgcombe, it was resolved to open a general subscription for the repair of the damage wrought by the mob at the Roman Catholic Church.

AN ELECTRIC RAILWAY from Northumberland Avenue beneath the Thames to Waterloo station, is one of the Metropolitan Improvement Schemes now under consideration by a Select Committee of the House of Commons.

SEVERAL DESTRUCTIVE FIRES have occurred this week. The Prince's Theatre at Portsmouth, and the Hall of the Catholic Young Men's Society at Cork, have both been totally destroyed, but, happily, without loss of life or personal injury; whilst at a third fire at Blackfriars a fireman named Hutchings has been badly burned and half-suffocated in consequence of some bales of goods falling upon him whilst engaged in extinguishing the flames.

OBITUARY.—Amongst the deaths announced this week are those of Sir T. Erskine Perry, some time Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Bombay, and more recently a member of the Council of India, and of the Privy Council; of the Rev. Dr. Gervase Smith, ex-President of the Wesleyan Conference, a very popular preacher; of Mr. Thomas Grieve, the celebrated theatrical scene-painter; of Mr. Harry Hall, the well-known animal painter, who painted the winners of the Derby for forty-three consecutive years; and of Mr. James Rice, the collaborator of Mr. Walter Besant in the production of some well-known novels, two of which, "By Celia's Arbour" and "Chaplain of the Fleet," were published as serial stories in the columns of *The Graphic*.



THE excitement, and even enthusiasm, which usually bubble about the House of Commons when Mr. Gladstone is about to make his Budget speech were conspicuously absent on Monday night. The Chancellor of the Exchequer had sedulously discounted any expectation that he was about to do anything remarkable. Whenever he has had occasion to refer to the Budget scheme of the year he has spoken in a despondent, almost funereal, manner. He has made it known to whomsoever it might concern that he had nothing to give away, and discouraged the expectation that after his earlier magical manner he might so shuffle the cards as to remit taxation at a time when there was no apparent surplus. The anxiety displayed by him that nothing should be expected was in some quarters regarded as possibly an adroit prelude to something good. It was said that Mr. Gladstone was, after all, going to do something startling, and that he naturally wished it to come upon the House with the additional recommendation of being unexpected.

As is everywhere known by this time, this last hope proved ill-founded. Mr. Gladstone was just able to make both ends meet, and leave over a safe margin. The Revenue, though sluggish, is still progressing. We are as a nation getting rather richer than poorer, but whilst the expenditure is at the same time increasing we are yet engaged in paying the piper whose martial strains elated the heart of the nation during the late Administration. Last year not less than 3,842,000/- was paid on account of war charges, the bulk of which was carried forward over years preceding 1880. The year before 2,347,000/- was paid. This year the charge will be something less, and presently, if all goes well, this incubus, the fabulous proportions of which would be enough to sink a smaller State, will be lifted off the Revenue. What might have been done but for these charges is a fond regret on which Mr. Gladstone wisely did not waste any time. The thing is done, and has to be paid for, and the happiest news the Chancellor of the Exchequer had to convey on this head is that we have now turned the corner, and henceforward the charge will be a diminished one, till it is finally extinguished.

Mr. Gladstone spoke two hours, dwelling over the figures with the fondness of a born financier. He had been ill for some days previously, and had not, indeed, been in the House of Commons since Wednesday in last week, but he showed few traces of his indisposition, his voice, which had been chiefly affected, lasting him well through his task. The discourse was singularly void of the oratorical adornment with which his Budget speeches usually glitter. He had a plain statement to make, and he was content to make it in a plain manner. But it was wonderfully lucid, and the House, listening throughout with unbroken attention, was surprised to find that two hours had elapsed since the Premier rose.

The portion which, apart from definite communications respecting taxation, attracted most attention was that in which the Premier launched into speculation as to the reasons of the diminution in the revenue derived from the drink traffic. This is considerable, and apparently progressive. In the year 1874-5 the revenue from taxation on intoxicating drinks was 31,290,000/. Last year it had decreased to 28,444,000/. This diminution, remarkable in itself, is of course actually more so when there is taken into account the proportionate increase in the population. No corresponding increase has taken place in the consumption of coffee and cocoa, though the increase in the revenue from tea is very marked. Mr. Gladstone added that whilst wages still stand below the highest wages reached eight years ago, the accumulations in savings' banks is very considerable. This fact led him to the conclusion that there is a decided growth of the habits of sobriety amongst the working people, who now drink tea instead of spirits and beer, and put the difference in cost into the savings' bank.

With an income of a fraction under 85,000,000/, and an expenditure of 84,634,000/, Mr. Gladstone has a surplus of something over 300,000/. This would suffice for all practical purposes, and the taxation of the country might have been left as it was found but for the pledge given to deal with the question of highway rates pressed on the notice of the Chancellor of the Exchequer in the agricultural interest. Mr. Gladstone had hoped to have dealt with this subject in a comprehensive measure. But already this hope has failed, and the County Government Bill, one of the great measures promised in the Queen's Speech, has been abandoned. Pending its settlement, Mr. Gladstone proposes to give a subvention of a quarter of a million in relief of the highway rate. This he raises by an addition to the taxation on carriages,—carriages which have hitherto paid an annual tax of two guineas henceforward being charged with three guineas; whilst respectability driving a gig, and hitherto contributing 15s. to the Revenue, will pay a guinea. This proposal, quite unexpected, was at first received by those who had agitated for relief with dubious looks that excited the mirth of the Ministerialists. Upon reflection, however, it seems to commend itself to them, and on Tuesday Mr. Harcourt, who had charge of the case in the House, publicly thanked the Premier for the manner in which he had met the views of the agriculturists.

A Budget like this is not likely to excite much controversy. Nevertheless, the Constitution might seem in danger if a Budget were to pass without debate. Thursday was consequently largely

devoted to this duty. But as the conversations which took place on Monday night, and at the morning sitting on Tuesday, showed, the Budget is generally accepted as the best that could be done in the circumstances. On Monday the conversation so rapidly flagged that a good deal of the evening remained for discussion of the Corrupt Practices Bill. At one time it seemed as if the Bill might forthwith be read a second time. But in deference to wishes expressed by the Opposition the debate was adjourned till Tuesday, on the understanding that the division would then take place. To this pledge the Conservative Opposition honestly stood. There is no disposition to fight the Bill on the second reading. All energies will be reserved for Committee, when an attempt will be made to alter it in various small particulars. Sir William Dyke, the old Conservative Whip, proudly declared his approval of the general lines of the measure, and his determination to give it a general support. In these circumstances there seemed nothing to do but to divide, and let those who took a strong view against the Bill record their opinion. Among these was Mr. Charles Lewis, who denounced the measure in strong language which came under the suspicion of intending to talk it out. But at a quarter to seven he desisted, leaving time to divide. The division was just about to be called, when Mr. Callan interposed, and after a few general observations on the evident desire of everybody to divide, announced his intention of thwarting their wishes. Which he did, talking up to ten minutes to seven, when the Bill necessarily stood over. It was generally agreed that if Mr. Quill had happened to have a seat in the House of Commons he could not have done anything better than this.

On Wednesday the Irish Land Question came up again in the form of a new Bill, introduced by Mr. Redmond. This was a pretty bold measure, proposing to give the tenant most things. The principal feature of the debate was the speech of the Premier, in which, intimating his readiness to listen to the views on the purchase clauses, put forward on the Conservative side by Mr. W. H. Smith, he stated that the Government were prepared to deal with the question of arrears in a Bill to be introduced without delay.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS

THE Members and Associates of this old-established society have this year made a vigorous effort to maintain the high character of their exhibitions, the result being that the present display is considerably above the average of recent years. As on former occasions, landscapes and marine pictures constitute the chief strength of the collection, but figure compositions are more numerous than usual, and among them are some of striking merit. The first important picture that we encounter, "A Break in the Storm" (9), is an excellent example of Mr. H. Moore's almost unrivalled skill in delineating the sea. The sky is wonderfully luminous and admirably painted, and its influence on the turbulent waves below is most truthfully rendered. Among other drawings by this artist are a spacious and airy view of the sands at "Scheveningen" (162), with numerous figures, and a picturesque and richly-coloured study of "Old Hulks" (200). In his drawing of "A Rough Sea off the Moil of Kintyre" (167), Mr. F. Powell has conveyed the sense of movement in the sea and sky with surprising force; and in "Sunset over the Sea" (154) he has succeeded in giving a vivid suggestion of a striking and impressive atmospheric effect.

The central place at the end of the gallery is worthily occupied by a large drawing by Samuel Palmer, who died in the early part of the last year. "The Bellman" (61), the subject of which is derived from "Il Penseroso," is an excellent example of the class of art to which it belongs. It is a studied composition, perfectly balanced in form and light and shade, like all the artist's works of the kind, harmonious in colour, and thoroughly poetical in feeling. During the last few weeks death has deprived the Society of another of its oldest and most estimable members, Edward Duncan. The two drawings by him in the present collection, "On the Beach near Porteynon, South Wales" (213), and "Shrimpers" (226), are not important as regards either size or subject, but they display the fine sense of style, the correctness of design, and the artistic completeness which always characterised his work.

The *Merchant of Venice* has supplied Mr. H. Wallis with the subjects of two excellent pictures. In the first in order, "Tubal Brings Shylock News of Jessica" (58), we are inclined to think that the figure of Shylock is a little too grotesque, and his gestures somewhat over-exuberant, but there can be no question as to the refined beauty of the colour, or of the admirable art displayed in the treatment of the subordinate group. The principal actors in the second picture, "Gratiano Giving His Ring to Nerissa" (64), are dramatically expressive, but the background, in which Antonio surrounded by his friends is seen returning home in triumph after the trial, seems to us the best part of the work. Both pictures are conceived in an independent spirit, and they are remarkable besides for their striking truth of local colour, their admirable keeping, and finished workmanship. The very large drawing by the President, Sir John Gilbert, called "The Head of the Procession" (105), showing a cavalcade of mediaeval knights, with maidens scattering flowers in front, and trumpeters behind, differs not so greatly from some of his previous works, but it displays in a striking way his power as a colourist, his skill in dealing with large masses of figures, and his magnificent executive ability. The soldiers and sailors seated round a table, and the young woman standing near them, in Mr. E. Buckman's "The Toast of the Army and Navy" (164) are true types of character, and expressive in their gestures; they are grouped naturally, and at the same time with a due regard to pictorial composition, but the shadows are unnecessarily black, and the local tints somewhat crude and commonplace. In Mr. E. K. Johnson's "Counting Her Chickens" (14), the attitude of the girl seated on a wheelbarrow shelling peas is rather constrained, but all the details of the farmyard, including the group of fowls, are painted with elaborate care, and with great imitative skill. A smaller drawing by this artist, "Departure of the Legion" (42), represents a British maiden in loose drapery watching the distant sails from a high cliff. The five maidens with milk-pails in Mr. J. Parker's "Dame Durden" (28) are gracefully designed and skilfully grouped, but the picture is weak and vaporous in effect, and somewhat morbid in colour. By Mr. H. Brittain Willis there is an admirable group of three carthorses with their backs to the wind, called "The Day of Rest" (133); and by Mr. Otto Weber an excellent drawing of "A Cow With Her Calf" (5), broadly painted, and better in colour than any of his previous works. Several other artists have recently been elected Associates of the Society, but it cannot truly be said that their productions add materially to the attractiveness of the exhibition. Mr. S. J. Hodson's drawing of a Moorish arch "In Old Toledo" (152) is marked by accurate design, sobriety of tone, and careful workmanship; Miss Constance Phillott's female head "Electra" (205), though not expressive, is well drawn and elaborately finished, and Mr. J. J. Hardwick's small drawings of flowers are remarkable for their minuteness of detail more than for their beauty of colour or tasteful arrangement.

Among a large number of excellent landscapes by painters of established fame may be mentioned Mr. G. A. Fripp's view of "The Harbour in the Isle of Sark," Mr. A. W. Hunt's grand view of "Durham" (230), Mr. A. Goodwin's "Lymouth" (81), Mr. A. D. Fripp's pure and luminous view of "Lulworth," and Mr. T. Danby's large "Pass of Llanberis" (18). In addition to the other attractions of the exhibition the Society has provided an illustrated catalogue containing no less than sixty-seven reproductions of original sketches of the pictures by the painters.



THE MODERN ITALIAN SCHOOL OF PAINTING is to be officially represented in Rome, where the Government intend to establish a Pinacothek for works of the present day.

GIRTIN'S WORKS.—A collection of Thomas Girtin's water-colour drawings is now on view in the King's Library of the British Museum, to which institution they belong.

MR. J. D. LINTON, Member of the Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, has received a commission from Her Majesty to paint a picture of the forthcoming Royal Wedding.

A TRAINING SCHOOL for horses used in the Fire Department has been opened at New York. The horses are taught to obey alarm bells, and to undergo the noise, confusion, and glare of a fire without being overcome by terror.

WILD BEASTS IN ALGERIA are diminishing considerably under the French colonisation. They mostly retreat southwards, and last year only sixteen lions, 112 panthers, and 114 hyenas were killed in the provinces of Oran, Algiers, and Constantine.

AN INTERESTING RELIC OF THE SIEGE OF PARIS has been found in the Seine—a zinc box, containing 450 letters despatched from Moulins, and which failed to reach their destination. Those letters which were still legible have been sent to their proper addresses.

HERR WAGNER'S "PARSIFAL," when brought out at Bayreuth this summer, will be played at first on July 26th and 27th, for the exclusive benefit of his friends and members of the Association of Patrons. Afterwards the outsiders will be admitted to fourteen public representations.

THE FRENCH EXPLORING EXPEDITION TO CENTRAL AMERICA, under M. Charnay, have discovered a so-called "phantom city" in Guatemala, and this discovery confirms the stories, hitherto thought fabulous, of inhabited cities which still exist among the Indians in the same condition as Cortez found them. Until now these races have been believed to be extinct.

MR. GLADSTONE.—A colossal statue of the Premier, which is ultimately to be erected in the Bow Road, has been placed for a few days, for the inspection of persons interested, in a temporary building opposite the Houses of Parliament. The statue, which is executed by Mr. A. Bruce Joy, is said to be approved of as an excellent likeness by Mr. Gladstone's relatives.

THE OPENING OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM GALLERIES AT NIGHT for the benefit of the working classes has been suggested to the trustees in a petition recently presented to them under the auspices of Mr. Daniel Grant, M.P. Probably the trustees will not make any decision on the subject until it has been proved how far the present use of the electric light in the Museum can be extended.

THE FIRST STROKE OF PIERCING THE Isthmus of Corinth will be made by the King of Greece, who is to throw up the first spadeful of soil and cart it off. As the promoter of the enterprise, General Turr, is a Hungarian, Pesth claims the honour of making the special wheelbarrow for the King's use, and it will be a very handsome affair, constructed of solid mahogany, and ornamented with elaborate carvings in the Greek style.

BENGALI BABOO STUDENTS are so anxious to come to England just now as to prove a regular nuisance to the Calcutta shipping agents. Some of them eager to follow their studies in England will apply for passages on the most absurd terms, and one impecunious Baboo applied for a situation as a Lascar, bringing forward as his qualification for the situation his considerable knowledge and proficiency in gymnastics. He concluded by stating that he could not ask his own people for help as "Our natives are too much ashamed to beg of any party, only Europeans they are begging of."

M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS has lately had a serious quarrel with a French writer respecting his share of authorship in a play which the latter brought to the dramatist for approval, and which was subsequently re-written and produced by M. Dumas. To enable the public to judge of the value of his alterations, M. Dumas intends to publish a collection of the originals of four plays which he has "retouched" as *Le Théâtre des Autres*, the collection including M. de Girardin's "Supplice d'Une Femme," the "Danicheff," and "Comtesse Romani," and the play which has aroused the controversy, "Heloise Parquet."

THE CHAIR OF STATE USED BY SO MANY GERMAN EMPERORS has lately been brought to light during the restoration of the Old Castle of Goslar in the Harz Mountains. Placed in Goslar Castle by the Emperor Henry III., the old chair served for various State ceremonies until 1811, when under French rule the art-treasures at Goslar were sold by auction, and the chair was bought by a tinsmith's widow, who intended to break it up for the sake of the bronze ornaments. The great chemist Kleopoth, however, preserved the interesting relic, which ultimately came into the possession of Prince Charles of Prussia, the Emperor's brother. Emperor William sat in the chair at the opening of the First Assembly of his German Empire in the White Hall of the Berlin Castle, on March 21st, 1871, and it has since been restored to Goslar and temporarily forgotten. The lower part of the chair is of sandstone and the back and sides are of bronze in filigree work.

LONDON MORTALITY decreased last week, and 1,573 deaths were registered against 1,727 during the previous seven days, a decline of 154, being 130 below the average, and at the rate of 21.1 per 1000. There were 8 from small-pox, 36 from measles (a decline of 13), 16 from scarlet-fever (a decline of 7), 19 from diphtheria (a decline of 9), 153 from whooping-cough (a decline of 2), 9 from enteric-fever (a decline of 13), and 13 from diarrhoea (an increase of 4). Deaths referring to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 331 (a decline of 61, and 74 below the average), of which 189 were attributed to bronchitis and 81 to pneumonia. Different forms of violence caused 67 deaths; 59 were the result of negligence or accident, 19 were infants under one year of age from suffocation, and 8 from suicide. There were 2,683 births registered against 2,529 during the previous week, exceeding the average by 28. The mean temperature of the air was 49.9 deg., and 1.9 deg. above the average.

WATER-COLOUR PAINTING IN THE UNITED STATES is steadily improving, both in worth and market value, and the last Water-Colour Exhibition held in New York was unusually successful. One-third of the works exhibited were sold at a value of over 6,200/, one picture, Mr. Abbey's "Sisters," realising the highest price ever attained by an American water-colour, 400/. The exhibition was weakest in figure-painting, but was remarkable for good average work, showing noteworthy advance on previous seasons, while a number of new men came well to the front. The juries were very exclusive, and the rejected artists accordingly formed a *Salon des Refusés*, which only, however, proved the good taste of the jury, as out of the 1,800 works hung very few were worth much. Meanwhile the fifty-seventh annual Exhibition of the National Academy, which has just opened in New York, compares unfavourably with the water-colour display. The standard of works is said to be no higher than in previous years, and out of the 858 paintings few are really noteworthy. The pictures are not well hung, and the prominence given to the work of Academicians—whether deserving or no—forces some of the best exhibits into bad places.



"AN UNPLEASANT JOURNEY"

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE PICTURE BY MR. A. W. KOWALSKY, PUBLISHED BY THE BERLIN PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY



FRANCE.—There is little to record save desultory gossip respecting minor social topics, and languid criticism on the misdeeds and shortcomings of English politicians in their treatment of Ireland. The utmost surprise is still expressed at the peasant proprietorship scheme of the Conservatives, and the *République Française* warns England that, by passing unsuccessful Socialist laws for the Irish Vendée, "she is creating formidable weapons for the opponents of large estates. . . . England may one day claim the concessions now blindly refused by Ireland. Nobody would have dreamed three years ago of such proposals from the Tory leader, the natural champion of aristocratic privileges." The death of Mr. Darwin has excited expressions of general regret. The *Univers* alone indulges in a hostile criticism of the great naturalist, whom, from an Ultramontane point of view, it treats as "a criminal and a fool." To return to French affairs proper, M. Gambetta's short-lived Ministry, has returned to his journal, and has created considerable amusement by a vigorous defence of himself and his actions while in office, and an enthusiastic eulogy of M. Gambetta. This last statesman is keeping essentially quiet, and, indeed, so are all politicians—the only noteworthy political topic being the agitation in commercial circles for the renewal of the negotiations for the Treaty of Commerce with England. Probably the subject would be further discussed at the Senatorial Committee on Commercial Treaties which was convened for yesterday (Friday). M. de Lesseps is certainly irrepressible. Not content with his new enterprise, the Panama Canal, he is now taking up the scheme for making the Desert of Sahara into an inland sea. A Parliamentary Committee of Inquiry has been appointed to report on the possibility of the proposal. M. de Lesseps has been fitted at Versailles, where the Mayor and Municipality have affixed with great pomp a tablet on the house in which he was born—No. 15, Rue des Reservoirs.

AUSTRIA.—The trial of the eight persons in connection with the burning of the Ring Theatre is exciting European interest. The defendants are Herr von Newald, the late Burgomaster; Herr Jauner, the lessee of the Ring Theatre; Joseph Nitsche, a foreman of the machinery of the theatre; August Breilhofer, the fire guard; Franz Geringer, the house inspector; Anton Landsteiner, inspector of police; Adolf Wilhelm, the engineer of the building department of the town; and Leonhardt Heer, the storekeeper of the Communal Fire Brigade, who are charged with having indirectly caused or contributed to the catastrophe by negligence in their various departments. In the examination of Herr Jauner, he stated that he had spent 7,000l. in improving the theatre; that the oil lamps had been properly provided, but that the inspector of lighting had neglected to have them put in their places. There were no lack of extra doors in existence; only, in the panic, no one opened them. The chief feeling is manifestly against the police, who energetically repulsed all those who wished to enter the building, and thus prevented the rescue of the survivors, having simply relied upon the statement of the fireman that every one had quitted the theatre. The number of victims is now authoritatively stated to be 384.

The Austrian and Hungarian Delegations cannot quite agree about the vote demanded by the Minister of War for the expenses of putting down the rising in the Crivoscia and the Herzegovina. The Hungarians wish to reduce the sum demanded, while the Austrians are quite willing to grant it. As usual in cases of difference, a united vote of the two Delegations will decide the matter.

RUSSIA.—The most revolting accounts of the outrages on the Jews at the Balta are published by the Russian papers. It appears that at first the unfortunate Israelites, who, it is said, numbered some 20,000, had made preparations to defend themselves, but that they were dispersed by the military, who, however, took care not to interfere with the detachment of 6,000 plundering peasants, who wrecked every house in the Jewish quarter. "The entire town is devastated," states a writer in the *Voskhod*, "and all the inhabitants are ruined, as the result of a two days' pillage and the brutal violence of the mob. About 6,000 families are without food and the necessities of life. Children are dying from cold and hunger. Adults are starving, and have nothing left but the clothes on their backs."

Politically speaking, there is little from Russia. An unconfirmed rumour that General Ignatief has resigned has gained some credence,—probably because the wish is father to the thought. Another mine has been discovered, this time beneath the Strelina Railway Station, on the line between St. Petersburg and Gatschina. General Scobelev is stated to be ill with inflammation of the lungs. His recent utterances have now called forth an Imperial order prohibiting officers from delivering political speeches, on the ground that such utterances are contrary to the spirit of military discipline. They are equally debarred from publishing political pamphlets.

AFFAIRS IN THE EAST.—The negotiations for the settlement of the Russian indemnity remain at a standstill, as the Porte has finally declined to allow a Russian auditor to be appointed to examine the accounts of the Ottoman Bank relative to the revenue to be set aside for the payment of the interest. The Commission appointed by the Sultan to consider the reforms to be introduced into Asia Minor has been sitting under the presidency of Ahmed Mouktar Pasha. Various important public works have been discussed, and a new route for the railway to Bagdad was settled. This line will start from Scutari, and will cut through Asia Minor diagonally, keeping away as much as possible from the Russian frontier. At Sivas it will turn southwards, and will follow course between the Tigris and the Euphrates to Bagdad. Another important line is also to be constructed, and, passing by Adana, will join the principal line at the entrance to the Mesopotamian Valley. The powers of the Commission only extend to the planning of the railway lines, and have nothing to do with the competitors for the concession, namely, the German, American, and French group of capitalists.

From EGYPT come repeated assurances that Arabi Pasha is becoming less and less popular. According to an interesting letter in Wednesday's *Times*, the slighted Circassians now form a powerful opposition, and are joined by the Copts and Christians. Ismail Pasha, the ex-Khedive, also finding that Arabi will not serve his purpose, has turned round upon him, while the Porte, which at first was supposed to be encouraging the national movement, is now holding aloof; while a new element is now entering into the contest—the Bedouin tribes, who are strongly opposed to a Fellah rule. The Ministers are evidently alarmed, and have made further arrests, amongst which has been that of Osman Pasha Reski, formerly Minister of War, and who first arrested the colonels concerned in the military rising against the Khedive. He is accused of complicity in the plot to assassinate Arabi Pasha. The trial of the Circassians has been postponed owing to the alleged discovery of fresh evidence showing that the accused had been intriguing to further the restoration of Ismail Pasha. Notwithstanding his boast of independence, Arabi Pasha has had to listen to the remonstrances of the German diplomatic agent, and to consent to pay a heavy compensation to Spilter Bey, the German official who was recently dismissed without notice from his post in the Ministry of Wakfs.

GERMANY.—Prince Bismarck has carried his Tobacco Monopoly Bill through the Federal Council by thirty-six votes against twenty-two, the minority being composed of Bavaria, Saxony, Hesse, Oldenburg, Reuss (younger line), and the Hanseatic Cities. The opposition of these Governments will not facilitate Prince Bismarck's task with the Reichstag, which commenced its sittings on Thursday. The Prussian Chamber has been busy with the other hobby of the Chancellor, having passed the Bill for completing the network of State railways.

The German-American telegraph cable has now been officially handed over to the Imperial Postal Department, the traffic being inaugurated by a congratulatory message from the Emperor to President Arthur. To this the President replied, expressing his satisfaction at the kind tone of the message "in common with all the people of the United States, so many of whom still speak the German tongue in their homes." The transmission of this telegram from Washington to Emden occupied five and a-half minutes.

The reports of the outrages on the Russian Jews have created considerable excitement in certain circles in Germany, and there has been a conference at Berlin of all the European Relief Committees, at which it was resolved that the German Committee established at Berlin should assist Jewish emigration from the Continent, while the London Committee should be charged with providing for the emigrants' accommodation on their arrival in the United States. The Paris Committee will arrange the affairs of the emigrants, and the New York Committee will procure them employment in America.

INDIA.—Afghanistan is tranquil, and Ayoob Khan and his followers having arrived at Teheran, it is thought that perhaps after all the Ameer's presence will not be required either at Herat or Turkestan, where Abdul Kudus Khan and Sirdar Izlah Khan appear to be ruling quietly, and with apparent loyalty to the Ameer.

From BURMAH we hear of fresh massacres at Mandalay,—an inferior wife and two half sisters of the King having been executed, and upwards of fifty persons imprisoned, most of whom are believed to have been put to death. The Embassy to Calcutta appears to have started with considerable pomp. The military escort consisted of cavalry equipped with painted tin helmets, red coats, and black trousers. The town magistrate was placed on an elephant in charge of the Royal letter, which was conveyed in a golden bowl. The members of the Embassy brought up the rear seated on elephants richly caparisoned.

MISCELLANEOUS.—In ITALY there is a report current that the Pope is seriously ill, and requires a change of air. In Rome there is a strike of printers. In SPAIN the Franco-Spanish Treaty of Commerce has been passed by 237 against 59 votes. In the UNITED STATES there has been a cyclone at Monticello, Mississippi, in which twenty-one lives have been lost, and many persons seriously injured. There has been an Indian outbreak at Quailleyville, Arizona, in which thirty-five whites have been killed. The House of Representatives have voted a resolution, asking the President to communicate any additional information on the subject of the imprisonment by the British Government of the American Suspects, and to continue his efforts for the prompt release or trial of any American citizen who may now remain unjustly imprisoned in Ireland. Jumbo has started on his tour through the States in a special car, 40 ft. long by 13 1/2 ft. high, and weighing 12 1/2 tons.

In CANADA the Dominion House of Commons have unanimously adopted an address to the Queen praying that a form of Government should be granted to Ireland similar to that enjoyed by Canada, and that clemency should be extended to political prisoners in Ireland. In CHINA the Kaiping coal mines have been closed, the Censor having discovered that the working would release the Earth Dragon, disturb the *manes* of the Empress, and bring trouble upon the Imperial family.



THE marriage of Prince Leopold with the Princess Helen of Waldeck took place on Thursday, and Windsor has accordingly been crowded with Royal guests. Amongst the first arrivals in England were the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz and Prince and Princess Philip of Saxe-Coburg Gotha; on Monday came the Grand Duke of Hesse and his eldest daughter, Princess Victoria; and on Tuesday morning arrived the bride herself, with her parents and brother and sister, and the hereditary Prince of Bentheim-Steinfurt. Having reached Middleburg, near Flushing, on Saturday, the Waldeck family crossed on Monday night in the *Victoria and Albert* from Flushing to Queenborough, and, making a good quick passage, arrived so early that the Royal yacht was able to reach the pier, and so avoid the necessity of the Royal party landing from a tug. Salutes were fired, and the vessels in harbour were gaily beflagged as the yacht entered, but the official reception did not take place till three hours later, when Prince Christian came down to greet the bride. The Royal party then landed amid cheers and military music, and the Princess Helen, who wore peacock blue and roses, received an address of welcome from the Mayor, and a bouquet from his daughter, and, after speaking a few words of thanks, was escorted by Prince Christian along the gaily decorated pier to the train. The Princesses Christian, Louise, and Beatrice, with the Dukes of Hesse and Connaught and Prince Leopold, met the Princess Helen and her family at Windsor, and drove in procession to the Castle, where they were welcomed at the entrance by the Queen, with the Duchess of Connaught and Princess Victoria of Hesse. In the evening a family dinner party took place. On Wednesday the Princess Helen was presented with the wedding-gift from the town of Windsor—a snake diamond and sapphire bracelet and diamond ring. In the afternoon the King and Queen of Holland arrived, having crossed in their steam yacht *Valk* to Queenborough, where they were received by the Duke of Edinburgh, and escorted to Windsor. Here the Prince and Princess of Wales and their daughters and the Duchess of Edinburgh had joined the party, and in the evening a State banquet was held. The marriage ceremony was celebrated in St. George's Chapel at 12:30 on Thursday morning, the bridal party arriving in four processions, that of the Royal family and guests, of the Queen, of the bridegroom, and lastly of the bride, whose wedding dress came from Paris, and who was attended by eight bridesmaids in white moiré antique, with wreaths of violets, primroses, and heather. After the ceremony the wedding party were to return to the Castle, where the register would be signed in the Green Drawing Room, and the breakfast be held in the Dining-room. The bride and bridegroom were to leave at 4 P.M. with a Royal escort, and after receiving an address at Old Windsor would drive through Esher, which was to be splendidly decorated, to Claremont. A State banquet was to be held in St. George's Hall in the evening, when the magnificent Royal collection of gold plate would be used, and on Friday most of the Queen's guests were to leave the Castle, the King and Queen of the Netherlands and the Prince and Princess of Waldeck spending a few days at Buckingham Palace before leaving England. Windsor was elaborately decorated on the wedding-day, and the Castle itself was illuminated with the electric light, while dinners in honour of the marriage were given at Windsor, in the Isle of Wight, and at Balmoral, a grand ball being held by the British Ambassador at Berlin, which was attended by the Crown Prince and Princess.

Before the arrival of the wedding guests, the Queen was visited by Princess Louise, and received a congratulatory address from the Benchers of Gray's Inn through the Duke of Connaught. On Sunday Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice attended Divine Service in the Private Chapel, where Dr. Vaughan preached. Next day the Queen received the French Ambassador and the Greek Minister, who presented their credentials, and also the Servian Minister, who announced King Milan's assumption of the Royal title, and presented Her Majesty with the insignia of the Servian Order of Takova. The Queen will visit Epping Forest next Saturday, when the ceremony of declaring the Forest free for ever will take place at High Beach, Her Majesty receiving there an Address from the Corporation. In the following week the Queen will spend a few days in town to hold Drawing-Rooms on the 9th and 11th, and shortly after Her Majesty will go for her spring visit to Balmoral.

The Prince and Princess of Wales went to the Court Theatre at the end of last week, where the Prince, by his presence of mind, contributed to avert a panic caused by an explosion of gas. On Saturday the Prince and Princess went to the Sandown Park races, and in the evening they were present at the Royal Italian Opera. On Sunday they with their daughters attended Divine Service, and entertained the Duke and Duchess of Connaught at lunch, and on Monday the Grand Duke of Hesse and Princess Victoria lunched at Marlborough House, while the Prince also called on the Grand Duke, and on Prince and Princess Philip of Saxe-Coburg, and held a *levée* at St. James's Palace. Next day the Prince visited the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and Prince and Princess Philip lunched at Marlborough House, while afterwards the Prince and Princess of Wales and their daughters went to the Royal Academy, and in the evening the Prince and Princess went to the Comedy Theatre. They spent Wednesday to Friday at Windsor, and last (Friday) night were to give a grand dinner in honour of the King and Queen of the Netherlands. The Prince will be present at the Mansion House Banquet to Provincial Mayors on June 17.—Princes Albert Victor and George reached Beyrouth on Saturday.

The Duke of Edinburgh on Saturday inspected the London Brigade of the Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers, first in the South-West India Docks, and then on board the *President*. On Monday the Duchess presented an honorary silver medal to a nurse of the Kent Nursing Institution, of which the Duchess is patroness; and in the evening the Duke and Duchess accompanied the Duke and Duchess of Connaught to St. James's Theatre. The Duke of Edinburgh will probably command the Coastguard Squadron on a summer cruise to the Mediterranean. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught returned from the Continent at the end of last week, the Duchess having stayed in Paris to be treated for a throat affection. She is now much better. The Duke and Duchess will stay at Buckingham Palace till Bagshot is ready for them, and the baby, Princess Margaret, has already been sent there.

The King and Queen of the Netherlands and the Prince and Princess of Waldeck will visit the City on Tuesday, and will be present at a luncheon in the Guildhall. The King and Queen will also dine with Earl and Countess Granville on Monday, and the Duke and Duchess of Wellington on Tuesday. The Empress of Russia is expected to spend some time in Copenhagen this summer.



THE MAY MEETINGS.—Besides those we mentioned last week, the following annual gatherings have now taken place:—The Young Men's Christian Association, the Baptist Missionary Society, the Bible Translation Society, the English Presbyterian Synod, the Primitive Methodist Building Fund, the Anglo-Indian Evangelistic Society, the Church of England Temperance Society (on behalf of which two hundred special sermons were last Sunday preached in and around the metropolis), the Monthly Tract Society, the Trinitarian Bible Society, the British and Foreign School Society, the Baptist Total Abstinence Society, the British Orphan Society, the Jubilee Meeting of the Congregational Union of England (at Coventry), the Incorporated Church Building Society, the Thames Church Mission, the Indian Female Normal School; and the Baptist Building Fund, British and Irish Home Mission, Tract Society, and Zenana Mission.

AN EPISCOPAL WAR-MEDALLIST.—The new Afghan war medal has been awarded to the Right Rev. Thomas Valpy French, D.D., Bishop of Lahore, for his services with the Peshawar Valley Field Force during the recent campaign in Afghanistan. He is said to be the first Bishop of the Established Church who has ever been decorated with a war medal.

THE LATE CHARLES DARWIN.—The remains of the late Mr. Darwin were conveyed from Down House, Kent, to Westminster on Tuesday, and placed within the precincts of the Abbey; and on the following day the funeral ceremony was performed, the Rev. Canon Prothero officiating in the unavoidable absence of Dean Bradley, and the Abbey being crowded with a congregation of distinguished and representative personages. The grave is in the nave, close to that of Sir Isaac Newton, and not far from those of Livingstone and Herschell. Pulpit references to the eminent naturalist and philosopher were made last Sunday in several of the Metropolitan churches. At St. Paul's Cathedral Canon Liddon, taking as his text the words of the sceptical disciple Thomas, said that it was a false spiritualism which would cast discredit on the senses acting within their own province; and that the great mistake of materialism was the assertion that the senses were the only reporters of truth. When Professor Darwin's books, "The Origin of Species" and "The Descent of Man," first appeared, they were largely regarded by religious men as containing a theory necessarily hostile to fundamental truths of religion; but a closer study greatly modified any such impression, and it was now seen that, whether the creative activity of God is manifested through "catastrophes" or in progressive evolution, it was still His creative activity, and the really great questions beyond remained untouched. At Westminster Abbey Canon Prothero, in the course of a sermon mainly directed against bigotry and superstition, spoke of Mr. Darwin as the greatest man of science of his day, and one whose earnest love of truth, patient industry, gentle disposition, and intellectual modesty proved that in him lived that charity which is the very essence of the true spirit of Christ. Canon Barry, preaching at the Abbey in the evening, also referred to Mr. Darwin as a scientific leader, observing that the fruitful doctrine of evolution, with which the late Professor's name would always be associated, lent itself at least as readily to the old promise of God as to more modern but less complete explanations of the universe. The principle of selection was by no means alien to the Christian religion; but it was selection exercised under the Divine intelligence, and determined by the spiritual fitness of each man for life hereafter.

THE HIBBERT LECTURES.—On Tuesday, Professor Kuenen, D.D., of Leyden, in compliance with an invitation from the Hibbert Trustees, delivered at St. George's Hall, Langham Place, the first of a series of five lectures "On the Origin and Growth of Religion, as Illustrated by National and Universal Religions." His subject was the origin of Islamism, and, speaking in English, he made an interesting examination of the low moral and religious condition of the Arabs, and of their intercourse with Jews and Christians, as

furnishing the impulse and explaining the motives of Mahomet's teaching and conduct, the object first aimed at being simply to restore the religion of the great ancestor of the nation, Abraham. The great merit of Mahomet's teaching was that he preached the one Allah in opposition to surrounding idolatry; true universalism was to Islam, by reason of its very origin, unattainable. The subjects of the other four lectures are: "The Popular Religion of Israel—the Priests and Prophets of Yahweh," "The Universalism of the Prophets—the Establishment of Judaism," "Judaism and Christianity," and "Buddhism—Retrospect and Conclusion."



ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Since the opening night three of the most lasting and popular operas in Mr. Gye's extensive repertory have been given—*Lucia di Lammermoor*, *Faust e Margherita*, and *Guillaume Tell*. All three were welcome, and can never cease to be welcome while pure melody continues to exercise its health-promoting sway. It was as Lucia that Madame Sembrich made her *début* in London near a twelvemonth since, achieving a success not easily forgotten. The masterpiece of Donizetti was therefore wisely selected for her *entrée*. The qualities that elicited admiration for the new-comer last season were there to elicit it again; and if Madame Sembrich in some measure failed to extort from the audience the same hyper-enthusiastic demonstrations of approval as when she first appeared, she at least did quite enough to persuade connoisseurs that in almost every instance these demonstrations had been legitimately earned. Signor Frapolli, as Edgardo, sang the music and acted the part with equal intelligence; while Signor Pandolfini was an Enrico with whom it would be difficult to find fault. The (to us) unknown soprano, Mdlle. Olgar Bergh, who was announced to come out as Margherita in M. Gounod's opera, not forthcoming, Mr. Gye was lucky in finding so competent a substitute as Madame Valleria, who has evidently studied the part *con amore*, understands it thoroughly, and represents its shifting phases with consistent propriety, combined with genuine, unmistakable feeling. An artist of such varied accomplishments, ready at all emergencies, is invaluable to a company saddled with the responsibilities attaching to that of the Royal Italian Opera. M. Bouhy, about whom we spoke but recently, is a Mephistopheles quite after the pattern of M. Faure—which means really after the pattern now universally accepted in operatic circles, however much it differs from the original conception of Goethe. We may say, indeed, without going far beyond the truth, that M. Bouhy's impersonation of Faust's arch-tempter is little, if at all, inferior that of his renowned precursor. M. Bouhy has the voice and dramatic instinct indispensable to an efficient embodiment of the character, and employs both gifts to the happiest purpose. He is undoubtedly an acquisition to be prized—which, let him assume other parts as well as he assumes Mephistopheles, will be speedily admitted. Madame Trebelli's Siebel is familiar, and so generally admired as to render special comment superfluous; and as much may be said of Signor Cotogni's Valentine. The Faust was Signor Frapolli, who, if somewhat over-weighted in the part, showed both intelligence and ability throughout. The conductor on this occasion was M. Dupont, Signor Bevignani's able Belgian coadjutor. The Prince and Princess of Wales were among the audience. Rossini's *Guillaume Tell*, on Monday, although the house was by no means overcrowded, went off well, and the representation was one of more than average merit. The chief characters were admirably sustained by Madame Valleria (Mathilde), Signors Cotogni, De Reszke, and Mierwinski (Tell, Walter, and Arnold); the subordinate parts being, without exception, efficiently supported. M. Dupont was the conductor, and a fine execution of the overture led to an "encore," responded to by a repetition of the final movement. It is needless to enter into further particulars about so familiar a performance; but we may ask are we never to have this magnificent opera as it was bequeathed to us by one of the most gifted of all composers? Although we should lose so much beautiful music, it would, perhaps, be advisable to omit the third act altogether and restore the fourth, which includes the prayer, the storm, and the death of Gessler—real catastrophe of the drama—in its integrity. As it was on Monday night, M. Mierwinski had to sing his great air, "Corriam, Corriam" (the "Suivez moi," which Dupré made famous), to a half-emptied house. Rossini undertook an ungrateful task in dealing with such a libretto; but his genius has made it immortal. The opera announced for to-night is *La Traviata*, with the ever-welcome Madame Albani (her first appearance this season) as the heroine.

MADAME SOPHIE MENTER, the "Female Rubinstein," as, not without some show of reason, she has been denominated, gave the first of two pianoforte "Recitals" in St. James's Hall, on Monday afternoon, before a crowded audience. We cannot speak in highly eulogistic terms of Madame Menter's programme, which mainly consisted of shreds and patches. The opening piece was Schumann's "Carnaval," about as dreary an exhibition of fantastic humour as could well be imagined. Schumann, in fact—and now that so much false teaching prevails the truth should be plainly stated—had but little "humour," unless of a kind that might have been aptly described in a chapter of Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy." When, under the banner of the "Davidsbundler," he made war against the "Philistines," he was not the earnest form-seeking Schumann of subsequent years, during which, more and more impressed by the commanding influence of Mendelssohn, he gradually became a master of his art, against whose high claims to consideration the antagonistic shafts of Wagner and his followers have been directed in vain. The rest of the programme comprised selections from Scarlatti, Mendelssohn, Henselt, "Schubert-Liszt," Rubinstein, and Chopin, the whole terminating with Liszt's transcription of the overture to *Tannhäuser*. Madame Menter played everything from memory, and with wonderful mechanical fluency. The applause she elicited was frequent and unanimous. That of her school she is one of the greatest living examples cannot be questioned.

FRANCOISE DE RIMINI.—According to the Paris *Ménestrel*, *Françoise de Rimini*, the new grand opera of M. Ambroise Thomas, the seventh representation of which is fixed for to-night, makes a more favourable impression each time it is heard. The opinions of critics and a certain coterie of professional musicians, nevertheless, are still, it would seem, at variance. One of them, however, and not the least distinguished, M. Ernest Reyer, who is both critic and composer, being pressed in the *foyer* to give his verdict replied in words that deserve remembering alike for their good sense and good taste:—"Ah! mes amis, j'ai beaucoup médit du *Prophète*" (Meyerbeer), "que j'admirer tant aujourd'hui." This, coming from the musical critic of the *Journal des Débats*, author of *La Statue* and *Sigurd* (a confirmed Wagnerite, moreover), doubtless produced its intended effect.

CONCERTS.—Next week the tournament of concert-givers begins in good earnest. On Monday the first of a series of "Six Symphony-Concerts," with Mr. Charles Hallé as conductor, will be given in St. James's Hall, the leading attraction being the Choral Symphony of Beethoven. The "proceeds" (profits?) of these entertainments are to go to the Fund now accumulating for the

projected Royal College of Music. The Richter Concerts, under the direction of Herr Franck, commence in the same place only two days later, with Beethoven's *Eroica* for the symphony. Meanwhile Mr. Ganz is again to the fore with his well-managed "Orchestral Concerts," at the first of which he introduced what to the large majority of his audience must have been a novelty—viz., the first of Liszt's two symphonies (*Faust* being the second). The subject of this so-called "symphony" is nothing less than the *Divina Commedia* of the greatest of Italian poets. The style in which the venerable Abbé has treated this we shall not attempt to describe, for the reason that it transcends description. Those who can admire and imagine a great depth in *Faust* will probably admire and imagine a great depth in *Dante*. With the fine orchestra under M. Ganz's command a fine performance, even of such difficult music, might fairly have been counted on, and those who counted on it were not doomed to disappointment. The audience as a whole, nevertheless, seemed much more astonished than delighted. For those who do not pretend to understand this species of "advanced" music there was enough and more than enough consolation in the *Egmont* overture and fourth symphony of Beethoven, and the Chorus of Priestesses from Gluck's *Iphigenia in Tauris*, and Mendelssohn's violin concerto, played with equal judgment and brilliancy by Herr Ondrick, a young artist of whom we are likely to hear more, and whose reception was in the highest degree encouraging. Mr. Ganz was cordially greeted on making his appearance in the orchestra.

WAIFS.—We read in American papers that Madame Christine Nilsson has accepted proposals for a six months' tour in the States, to begin next September.—Signor Bottesini is to conduct the performances of *Il Duca d'Alba* at the Teatro Costanzi, Rome.—An orchestra composed of Hungarian gipsies has been performing at the Cirque in Brussels.—A statue of the late Nicolas (brother to Anton) Rubinstein was recently unveiled in the Conservatoire at Moscow.—Wagner's *Rheingold* has been produced with success at the new Opera House in Frankfort-on-the-Main.—It is stated by the local journals that Mr. Theodor Thomas has decided on adopting the London Philharmonic pitch at the forthcoming New York Musical Festival.—Mrs. Osgood intends prolonging her sojourn in America for another twelvemonth; so we shall again miss her from among the song-birds who enliven our summer musical season.—Madame Etelka Gerster is among the vocalists engaged for the New York Festival in May.—The German Theatre in St. Petersburg, no longer a Government institution, will be carried on in future as a private enterprise.—No definite arrangements have yet been entered into respecting Madame Adelina Patti's much-talked-of return to America.—The first two performances of Wagner's *Parsifal* at Bayreuth (July 26 and 27), are exclusively for members of the Patrons' Association. To the next fourteen representations all the world may be admitted at the charge of thirty marks for each.—Dr. von Bilow, the famous pianist, is, we are informed, engaged in marriage to Mdlle. Schanzer, a member of the Meiningen "troop" which made so favourable an impression last summer at Drury Lane Theatre.—Mr. Carl Rosa has engaged Madame Marie Roze for his autumn and winter tour, as also for his next season in London. She will be a valuable auxiliary.—M. Maurel, the barytone, Faure's legitimate successor, has returned to Paris, and was to make his *entrée* as Hamlet. Why has this excellent lyric comedian abandoned London and the Royal Italian opera?



THE TURF.—The Sandown Park Meeting at the end of last week came in for its usual share of high patronage and fine weather, though the last day was rather a breaking of the tradition in the latter respect. However, as it was entirely devoted to 'cross-country, hurdle, and hunters' (?) business, which we associate more or less with the winter months, rain and cold were appropriate enough. The last race of the day, the Grand International Steeple Chase, may be taken as really the last of the "illegitimate" business, which nowadays considerably overlaps the "legitimate"; and for this seven animals came to the post to run a four-miles' course. The Irish mare Wild Lady, with Mr. T. Beasley up, was made favourite, but only succeeded in getting into the third place, thus concluding an unusually bad season for the Irish division in their annual invasion of Saxon race-courses. The next in demand was The Scot, who as every one knows has shown some excellent form, and, strongly fancied for the Grand National, met with a mishap in that race. However, he seemed none the worse for it, and on Saturday last, with Jewitt on his back, did his journey, admirably beating Antient Pistol by three lengths, Mr. Leigh thus adding another notch to the record of good-luck which seems to attend on him, at least just now.—The Newmarket First Spring Meeting opened with a rough day meteorologically, nor was the sport quite good enough to make amends for the weather. Sir George Chetwynd took the first event, the Two Thousand Trial Stakes, with Frontier, ridden by C. Wood, to "follow" whom this season seems likely to be a more probable line than to follow F. Archer. Mr. Leigh threw another main in the First Welter, as with Wood in the saddle, Goggles followed up his Sandown success, and landed a 5 to 1 chance in a field of sixteen. Chichester was second, and Mistake third; and those who are not wearied of backing this "transformed," and partly, as it seems, reformed animal, may yet find themselves winning on him in some good handicap. Wednesday was big with the fate of the Two Thousand contest, and when the field of thirteen, one short of last year's number, went to the post, backers of early favourites could fully realise the poor game it generally is for all important races, Dutch Oven and Gerald being among the absentees, Executor eleventh hour favourite had the pride of place in the market at the fall of the flag, with Pursebearer, whom "all Yorkshire" pinned their faith on, next in demand. The third favourite was Shotover, a filly belonging to the Duke of Westminster, who did nothing as two-year-old last season in the least suggestive of her winning an important event like this. But win it she did, as the report of a recent trial, and her improved condition, intimated she would; and her victory was so easily gained that she at once became first favourite for the Derby, at about 5 to 1, displacing Bruce, who has been firmly at the head of the list of quotations during all the winter months. Quicklime, an outsider, was second, and Marden, by running third, did much as his friends said he would towards wiping out the stain attached to him for his performance at the recent Craven Meeting. The first and second favourites ran sixth and fourth respectively, but, of course, these positions do not mean much, as possibly they might have been nearer the winner, or others, still further in the rear, might have made a better show at the finish than they did. Lord Rosebery's Gareth, who started at 100 to 1, is credited with being fifth.—Two well-known characters connected with the Turf have recently passed away, Mr. Dudley Milner, in Australia, whither he had gone in search of better health, and Mr. Harry Hall, at Newmarket, where, for so many years, his studio has been a most popular resort. Mr. Hall has long enjoyed the world-wide reputation of the best painter of "famous winners." Turf celebrities in all parts of Europe having been transferred to canvas by his cunning hand. Since the death of Herring he has been *far excellence* the painter of horses.—The Poule D'Essai, the "French Two Thousand," has been won by Baron de Rothschild's

Barbe Blue, who showed some form in this country last autumn and he has since been backed for our Derby.

AQUATICS.—Laycock, the Australian, has arrived at Putney to assist his friend Trickett in the last week of his training. Of course he will be anxious to "take on" some one during the season, but it is difficult to think of any one likely to tackle him, especially as it is said that he has recently much improved in his rowing. Trickett has been going on well for his race with Hanlan on Monday next, and doubtless will do his best, but it is impossible to say that any very great interest is felt in it, as ninety-nine out of every hundred persons take it for granted that Hanlan will win as he likes.—The Thames is now daily covered with scullers practising for the prizes so liberally given by the Messrs. Chinnery, and to be rowed for on the 3rd, 4th, and 6th of next month. It is likely altogether to be a busy season among scullers, as it is said that another good Australian is in this country, and that several Americans will soon be among us.—On Monday last, Brightwell, of Putney, and Perkins of Rotherhithe, rowed the Champion Course for 50/- a-side. Brightwell showed himself the better man in a well-contested race, but Perkins, who rowed most pluckily, was only beaten by about three lengths.

FOOTBALL.—This must be our last football paragraph this year, as certainly the month of May and "our winter game" hardly go together. At Glasgow the local Rangers and the indefatigable and almost invincible Blackburn Rovers have made a draw of it in an Association game.—In one of the series of "Charity" matches inaugurated by the Birmingham Association, Aston Villa (Birmingham) has defeated the Wednesbury Old Athletic.—The two well-known clubs, the Blackburn Olympic and Darwen, in their return match were not able to settle matters, scoring four goals each.

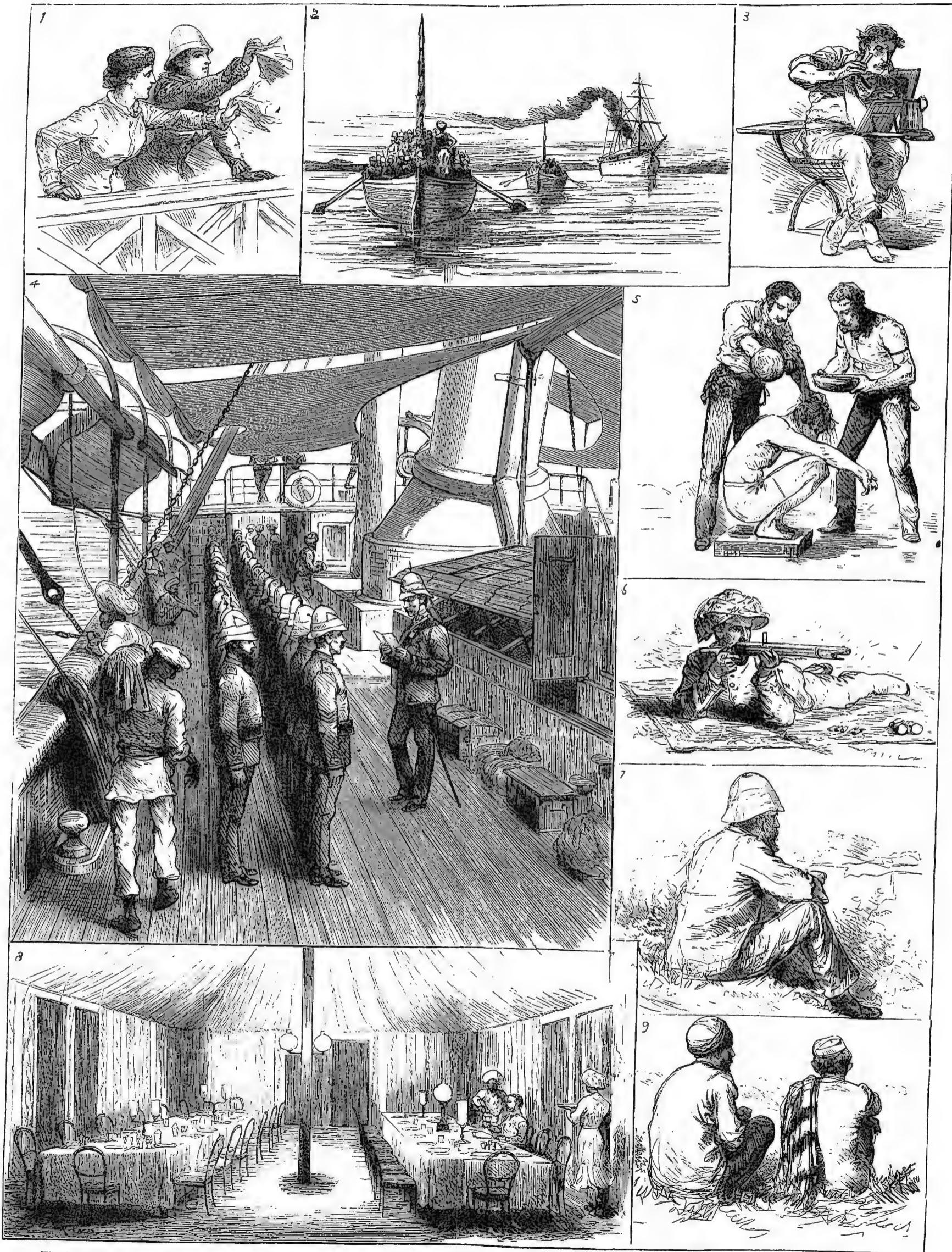
RACQUETS.—The entry for the Public Schools Challenge Cup was a good one, and some very good play has been shown at Prince's Court in the competition. The final game was left to Eton and Harrow, and was won by the former. Since the institution of the contest in 1868 Harrow has won eight times in all, actually securing the Cup twice for three successive wins, Eton six, and Rugby once.

BICYCLING.—Notwithstanding very wet weather, the Surrey Bicycle Club meet drew a very large number of spectators together at the Oval on Saturday last, and the racing had considerable interest. In the Ten Miles Scratch Race, after one of the most splendid finishes ever seen, J. F. Griffith and C. A. Palmer made a dead heat of it, such an event very seldom indeed having to be put on record. In the One Mile Handicap the ex-amateur champion, H. L. Cortis, though he won one heat, could get no nearer than fourth in the final, failing to show his old form.

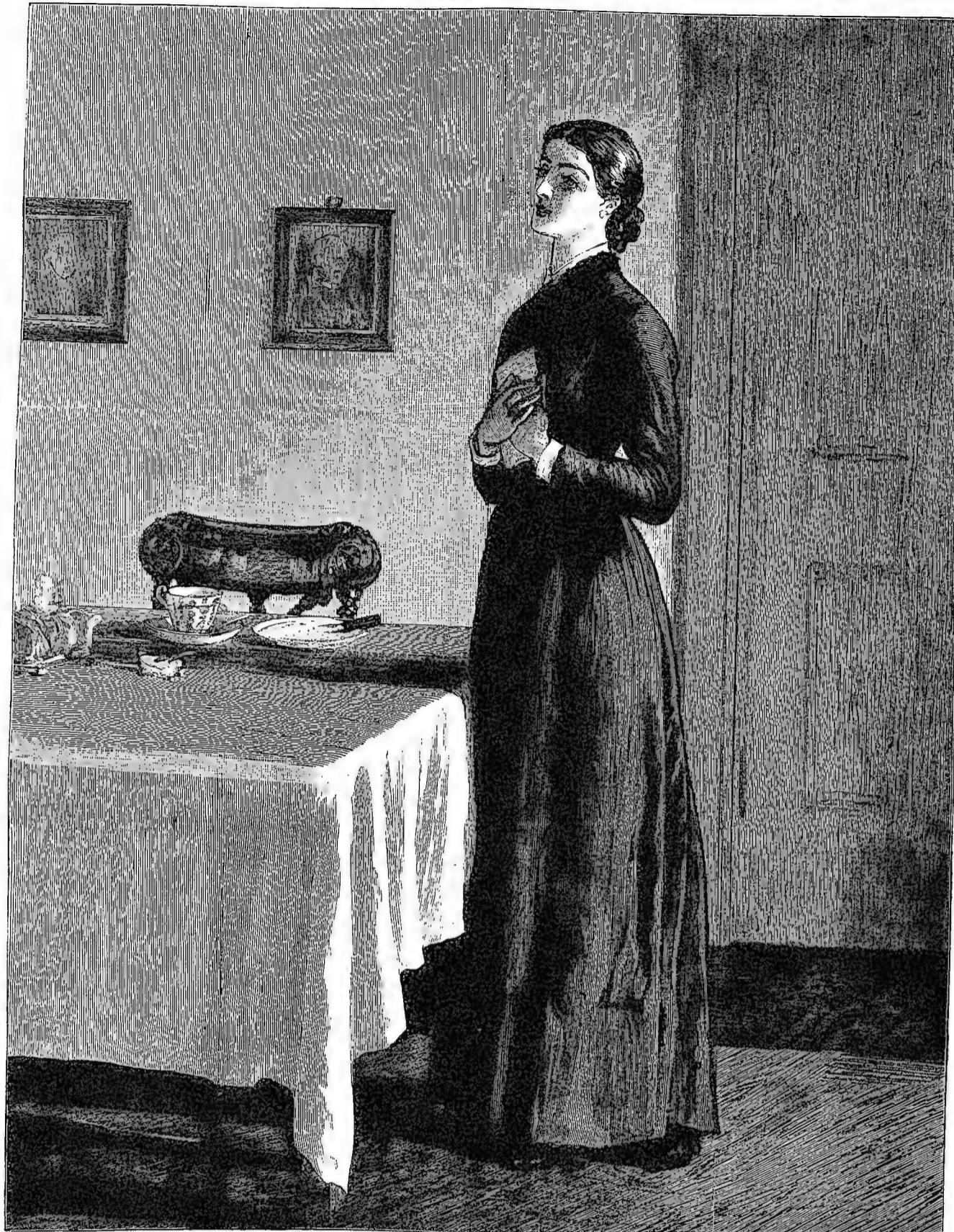


M. SARDOU'S *Odette* is so little in the accustomed way of Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft's company that the determination to produce it in the form of an English version is not easily to be explained. No doubt the engagement of Madame Modjeska, who is an actress possessing great command of pathos and even tragic power, goes far towards altering the complexion of the company; but still the troupe of the HAYMARKET is essentially what is known as a light one, which shines rather in comedy than in drama. *Odette*, it is true, possesses many comedy scenes, and it abounds in very amusing types of character, but its story is nevertheless of a grave, not to say harrowing kind, and it requires for its effective interpretation at least one actor of the class of which Mr. Coghlan is a conspicuous member—that is, actors who are able to move deep sympathy in situations of a really touching and vehemently passionate kind. The part referred to, which is that of the injured husband, who punishes his wife's infidelity by separating from her, and depriving her for ever of the society of her child, is played at the Haymarket by Mr. Bancroft, an original and clever actor in his way; but not a serious actor in the ordinary sense of the term. He has, no doubt, played occasionally of late a part bordering upon this description, and has played it well enough to escape serious censure, and even to secure a certain measure of praise. But his triumphs, so far as they have gone, have partaken of the nature of a *tour de force*, they have been clever, they have often pleased, they have never offended good taste, but powerful pathos they certainly could not boast. Nor is his performance of the husband—who is called in the English version Lord Trevene—quite equal to the sternly passionate situation that it involves. Yet it would be unfair to deny that it is a spirited, a gentleman-like, and a thoroughly well-studied impersonation—failing, so far as it fails, on the side rather of the actor's means than of any shortcomings in the way of artistic finish. The truth is, that a serious actor cannot be made without that extremely rare gift, a voice of grave and tender quality. Madame Modjeska, on the other hand, though hampered by an accent which is not English, and which is rather apt to become more strongly pronounced in impassioned utterances, plays the part of the wife with marvellous command of emotion and vigour of passion. The study is unfortunately damaged—we might almost say destroyed—by the anonymous adapter's fancy for changing the nationality of the characters. M. Sardou's play is an indictment of the French law, which, while it permits a separation *de corps et de bien*, grants no divorce even for the gravest of a wife's offences against the marriage vow. The hardships which this may inflict on a worthy husband are obvious, and they are powerfully exemplified and insisted on in M. Sardou's scenes. The disgraced wife deprived of her child grows reckless, associates with gamblers and other disreputable personages; drags her husband's name, in brief, "through the mire," as he says, and thus becomes a serious obstacle to the marriage of her daughter, whom she has never seen from infancy. All this leads naturally to the most powerful scenes in the play next to those of the almost melodramatic prologue; for the injured husband is driven to appeal to the wife to relieve him and their daughter from the shadow which she casts upon their lives; in brief, to retire into obscurity on certain terms. A most passionate interview hence arises, in which the husband and wife contend with almost equal intensity of conviction. At length she pronounces the final word; she must be allowed to see her daughter. The meeting is a beautiful incident, bringing into play all those emotions which are within the province of tragic interest. In the end the child, who never learns that the strange lady is her mother, unconsciously wins a triumph. The mother's love is reawakened, she yields sorrowfully, retires, and dies by her own hand. It is sufficiently obvious that the change from French to English personages must affect, and, indeed, destroy the foundations of the story. Lord Henry Trevene's bitter complaints of the anomalous position in which he is placed in the circumstance that he has neither the solace and aid of a wife nor the freedom from her evil influences which a divorce would secure, become almost absurd when it is known that on the ground that a divorce is just what his wife would like, he deliberately chooses to allow her to bear his name. A feeling of the unreality of the situation was under these circumstances inevitable. It was, perhaps, in part for this reason that the audience at the first night's performance testified impatience with much of those illustrative details which M. Sardou is apt to supply in such abundance. The scenes in the gambling house at Nice are in themselves admirable; nor are they wholly irrelevant, for it was the author's object to exhibit the

(Continued on page 434)



1. The Girls We Left Behind Us.—2. The Embarkation.—3. A Hasty Shave: Second Bugle Just About to Sound.—4. Roll-Call on Board the I.G.S. *Enterprise*.—5. The Crack Shot III: Bringing Him Up to the Scratch.—6. The Crack Shot at Scratch: Result, Loss of Team-Cup.—7. The Chief Commissioner Watching the Firing.—8. The Beginning of the End: A Solitary Mess-Dinner.—9. Range Attendants.



DRAWN BY WILLIAM SMALL

She read the letter a dozen times, pressing it to her bosom.

MARION FAY: A Novel

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF "FRAMLEY PARSONAGE," "ORLEY FARM," "THE SMALL HOUSE AT ALLINGTON," "THE WAY WE LIVE NOW," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XLVII.

"IT SHALL BE DONE"

LORD HAMPSTEAD has been left standing for a long time in Marion Fay's sitting-room after the perpetration of his great offence, and Mrs. Roden has been standing there also, having come to the house almost immediately after her return home from her Italian journey. Hampstead, of course, knew most of the details of the Di Crinola romance, but Marion had as yet heard nothing of it. There had been so much for him to say to her during the interview which had been so wretchedly interrupted by his violence that he had found no time to mention to her the name either of Roden or of Di Crinola.

"You have done that which makes me ashamed of myself." These had been Marion's last words as Mrs. Roden entered the room. "I didn't know Lord Hampstead was here," said Mrs. Roden.

"Oh, Mrs. Roden, I'm so glad you are come," exclaimed Marion. This of course was taken by the lady as a kindly expression of joy that she should have returned from her journey; whereas to Hampstead it conveyed an idea that Marion was congratulating herself that protection had come to her from further violence on his part. Poor Marion herself hardly knew her own meaning,—hardly had any. She could not even tell herself that she was angry with her lover. It was probable that the very ecstasy of his love added

fuel to hers. If a lover so placed as were this lover,—a lover who had come to her asking her to be his wife, and who had been received with the warmest assurance of her own affection for him,—if he were not justified in taking her in his arms and kissing her, whom might a lover do so? The ways of the world were known to her well enough to make her feel that it was so, even in that moment of her perturbation. Angry with him! How could she be angry with him? He had asked her, and she had declared to him that she was not angry. Nevertheless she had been quite in earnest when she had said that now,—after the thing that he had done,—he must "never, never come to her again."

She was not angry with him, but with herself she was angry. At the moment, when she was in his arms, she bethought herself how impossible had been the conditions she had imposed upon him. That he should be assured of her love, and yet not allowed to approach her as a lover! That he should be allowed to come there in order that she might be delighted in looking at him, in hearing his voice, in knowing and feeling that she was dear to him; but that he should be kept at arm's length because she had determined that she could not become his wife! That they should love each other dearly; but each with a different idea of love! It was her fault that he should be there in her presence at all. She had told herself that it was her duty to sacrifice herself, but she had only half carried out her duty. Should she not have kept her love to herself,—so that he might have left her, as he certainly would have done

had she behaved to him coldly, and as her duty had required of her? She had longed for some sweetness which would be sweet to her though only a vain encouragement to him. She had painted for her own eyes a foolish picture, had dreamed a silly dream. She had fancied that for the little of life that was left to her she might have been allowed the delight of loving, and had been vain enough to think that her lover might be true to her and yet not suffer himself! Her sacrifice had been altogether imperfect. With herself she was angry,—not with him. Angry with him, whose very footfall was music to her ears! Angry with him, whose smile to her was as a light specially sent from heaven for her behoof! Angry with him, the very energy of whose passion thrilled her with a sense of intoxicating joy! Angry with him because she had been enabled for once,—only for once,—to feel the glory of her life, to be encircled in the warmth of his arms, to become conscious of the majesty of his strength! No,—she was not angry. But he must be made to understand,—he must be taught to acknowledge,—that he must never, never come to her again. The mind can conceive a joy so exquisite that for the enjoyment of it, though it may last but for a moment, the tranquillity, even the happiness, of years may be given in exchange. It must be so with her. It had been her own doing, and if the exchange were a bad one, she must put up with the bargain. He must never come again. Then Mrs. Roden had entered the room, and she was forced to utter whatever word of welcome might first come to her tongue.

"Yes," said Hampstead, trying to smile, as though nothing had happened which called for special seriousness of manner, "I am here. I am here, and hope to be here often and often till I shall have succeeded in taking our Marion to another home."

"No," said Marion faintly, uttering her little protest ever so gently.

"You are very constant, my lord," said Mrs. Roden.

"I suppose a man is constant to what he really loves best. But what a history you have brought back with you, Mrs. Roden! I do not know whether I am to call you Mrs. Roden."

"Certainly, my lord, you are to call me so."

"What does it mean?" asked Marion.

"You have not heard," he said. "I have not been here time enough to tell her all this, Mrs. Roden."

"You know it then, Lord Hampstead?"

"Yes, I know it;—though Roden has not condescended to write me a line. What are we to call him?" To this Mrs. Roden made no answer on the spur of the moment. "Of course he has written to Fanny, and all the world knows it. It seems to have reached the Foreign Office first, and to have been sent down from thence to my people at Trafford. I suppose there isn't a club in London at which it has not been repeated a hundred times that George Roden is not George Roden."

"Not George Roden?" asked Marion.

"No, dearest. You will show yourself terribly ignorant if you call him so."

"What is he then, my lord?"

"Marion!"

"I beg your pardon. I will not do it again this time. But what is he?"

"He is the Duca di Crinola."

"Duke!" said Marion.

"That's what he is, Marion."

"Have they made him that over there?"

"Somebody made one of his ancestors that ever so many hundred years ago, when the Traffords were,—well, I don't know what the Traffords were doing then,—fighting somewhere, I suppose, for whatever they could get. He means to take the title, I suppose?"

"He says not, my lord."

"He should do so."

"I think so too, Lord Hampstead. He is obstinate, you know; but, perhaps, he may consent to listen to some friend here. You will tell him."

"He had better ask others better able than I am to explain all the ins and outs of his position. He had better go to the Foreign Office and see my uncle. Where is he now?"

"He has gone to the Post Office. We reached home about noon, and he went at once. It was late yesterday when we reached Folkestone, and he let me stay there for the night."

"Has he always signed the old name?" asked Hampstead.

"Oh yes. I think he will not give it up."

"Nor his office?"

"Nor his office. As he says himself, what else will he have to live on?"

"My father might do something." Mrs. Roden shook her head. "My sister will have money, though it may probably be insufficient to furnish such an income as they will want."

"He would never live in idleness upon her money, my lord. Indeed I think I may say that he has quite resolved to drop the title as idle lumber. You perhaps know that he is not easily persuaded."

"The most obstinate fellow I ever knew in my life," said Hampstead, laughing. "And he has talked my sister over to his own views." Then he turned suddenly round to Marion, and asked her a question. "Shall I go now, dearest?" he said.

She had already told him to go,—to go, and never to return to her. But the question was put to her in such a manner that were she simply to assent to his going, she would by doing so assent also to his returning. For the sake of her duty to him, in order that she might carry out that self-sacrifice in the performance of which she would now be so resolute, it was necessary that he should in truth be made to understand that he was not to come back to her. But how was this to be done while Mrs. Roden was present with them? Had he not been there then she could have asked her friend to help her in her great resolution. But before the two she could say nothing of that which it was in her heart to say to both of them. "If it pleases you, my lord," she said.

"I will not be 'my lord.' Here is Roden, who is a real duke, and whose ancestors have been dukes since long before Noah, and he is allowed to be called just what he pleases, and I am to have no voice in it with my own particular and dearest friends! Nevertheless I will go, and if I don't come to day or the day after I will write you the prettiest little love-letter I can invent."

"Don't," she said;—oh so weakly, so vainly;—in a manner so utterly void of that intense meaning which she was anxious to throw into her words. She was conscious of her own weakness, and acknowledged to herself that there must be another interview, or at any rate a letter written on each side, before he could be made to understand her own purpose. If it must be done by a letter, how great would be the struggle to her in explaining herself. But perhaps even that might be easier than the task of telling him all that she would have to tell, while he was standing by, impetuous, impatient, perhaps almost violent, assuring her of his love, and attempting to retain her by the pressure of his hand.

"But I shall," he said, as he held her now for a moment. "I am not quite sure whether I may not have to go to Trafford; and if so there shall be the love-letter. I feel conscious, Mrs. Roden, of being incapable of writing a proper love-letter. 'Dearest Marion, I am yours, and you are mine. Always believe me ever thine.' I don't know how to go beyond that. When a man is married, and can write about the children, or the leg of mutton, or what's to be done with his hunters, then I daresay it becomes easy. Good-bye, dearest. Good-bye, Mrs. Roden. I wish I could keep on calling you Duchess in revenge for all the 'my lordings.'" Then he left them.

There was a feeling in the mind of both of them that he had conducted himself just as a man would do who was in a high good-humour at having been permanently accepted by the girl to whom he had offered his hand. Marion Fay knew that it was not so;—knew that it never could be so. Mrs. Roden knew that it had not been so when she had left home, now nearly two months since; and knew also that Marion had pledged herself that it should not be so. The young lord then had been too strong with his love. A feeling of regret came over her as she remembered that the reasons against such a marriage were still as strong as ever. But yet how natural that it should be so! Was it possible that such a lover as Lord Hampstead should not succeed in his love if he were constant to it himself. Sorrow must come of it,—perhaps a tragedy so bitter that she could hardly bring herself to think of it. And Marion had been so firm in her resolve that it should not be so. But yet it was natural, and she could not bring herself to express to the girl either anger or disappointment. "Is it to be?" she said, putting on her sweetest smile.

"No!" said Marion, standing up suddenly,—by no means smiling as she spoke. "It is not to be. Why do you look at me like that, Mrs. Roden? Did I not tell you before you went that it should never be so?"

"But he treats you as though he were engaged to you?"

"How can I help it? What can I do to prevent it? When I bid him go, he still comes back again, and when I tell him that I can never be his wife he will not believe me. He knows that I love him."

"You have told him that?"

"Told him! He wanted no telling. Of course he knew it. Love him! Oh, Mrs. Roden, if I could die for him, and so have done with it! And yet I would not wish to leave my dear father. What am I to do, Mrs. Roden?"

"But it seemed to me that you were so happy with him."

"I am never happy with him;—but yet I am as though I were in heaven."

"Marion!"

"I am never happy. I know that it cannot be, that it will not be, as he would have it. I know that I am letting him waste his sweetness all in vain. There should be some one else, oh, so different from me! There should be one like himself, beautiful, strong with health, with hot eager blood in her veins, with a grand name, with grand eyes and a broad brow and a noble figure, one who, in taking his name, will give him as much as she takes,—one, above all, who will not pine and fade before his eyes, and trouble him during her short life with sickness and doctors and all the fading hopes of a hopeless invalid. And yet I let him come, and I have told him how dearly I love him. He comes and he sees it in my eyes. And then it is so glorious to be loved as he loves. Oh, Mrs. Roden, he kissed me." That to Mrs. Roden did not seem to be extraordinary; but, not knowing what to say to it at the moment, she also kissed the girl. "Then I told him that he must go, and never come back to me again."

"Were you angry with him?"

"Angry with him! With myself I was angry. I had given him the right to do it. How could I be angry with him. And what does it matter;—except for his sake? If he could only understand! If he would only know that I am in earnest when I speak to him! But I am weak in everything except one thing. He will never make me say that I will be his wife."

"My Marion! Dear Marion!"

"But father wishes it."

"Wishes you to become his wife?"

"He wishes it. Why should I not be like any other girl, he says. How can I tell him? How can I say that I am not like to other girls because of my darling, my own dearest mother? And yet he does not know it. He does not see it, though he has seen so much. He will not see it till I am there, on my bed, unable to come to him when he wants me."

"There is nothing now to show him or me that you may not live to be old as he is."

"I shall not live to be old. You know that I shall not live to be more than young. Have any of them lived? For my father,—for my dear father,—he must find it out for himself. I have sometimes thought that even yet I might last his time,—that I might be with him to the end. It might be so,—only that all this tortures me."

"Shall I tell him;—shall I tell Lord Hampstead?"

"He must at any rate be told. He is not bound to me as my father is. For him there need be no great sorrow." At this Mrs. Roden shook her head. "Must it be so?"

"If he is banished from your presence he will not bear it lightly. If he be made to go from you he will suffer."

"Will a young man love me like that;—a young man who has so much in the world to occupy him? He has his yacht and his hounds and his friends and his great wealth. It is only girls, I think, who love like that."

"He must bear his sorrow as others do."

"But it shall be made as light as we can make it,—shall it not? I should have done this before. I should have done it sooner. Had he been made to go away at once, then he would not have suffered. Why would he not go when I told him? Why would he not believe me when I spoke to him? I should have heard all his words and never have answered him even with a smile? I should not have trembled when he told me that I was there, at his hearth, as a friend. But who thought then, Mrs. Roden, that this young nobleman would have really cared for the Quaker girl?"

"I saw it, Marion."

"Could you see just by looking at him that he was so different from others? Are his truth, and his loving heart, and his high honour, and his pure honesty, all written in his eyes,—to you as they are to me? But Mrs. Roden, there shall be an end of it! Though it may kill me,—though it may for a little time half break his heart,—it shall be done! Oh, that his dear heart should be half-broken for me! I will think of it, Mrs. Roden, to-night. If writing may do it perhaps, I may write. Or, perhaps, I may say a word that he will at least understand. If not you shall tell him. But, Mrs. Roden, it shall be done!"

CHAPTER XLVIII.

MARION WILL CERTAINLY HAVE HER WAY

ON the day but one following there came a letter to Marion from Hampstead,—the love-letter which he had promised her;—

DEAR MARION—

"It is as I supposed. This affair about Roden has stirred them up down at Trafford amazingly. My father wants me to go to him. You know all about my sister. I suppose she will have her way now. I think the girls always do have their way. She will be left alone, and I have told her to go and see you as soon as I have gone. You should tell her that she ought to make him call himself by his father's proper name."

"In my case, dearest, it is not the girl that it is to have her own way. It's the young man that is to do just as he pleases. My girl, my own one, my love, my treasure, think of it all, and ask yourself whether it is in your heart to refuse to bid me be happy. Were it not for all that you have said yourself I should not be vain enough to be happy at this moment, as I am. But you have told me that you love me. Ask your father, and he will tell you that, as it is, it is your duty to promise to be my wife."

"I may be away for a day or two,—perhaps for a week. Write to me to Trafford,—Trafford Park, Shrewsbury—and say that it shall be so. I sometimes think that you do not understand how absolutely my heart is set upon you,—so that no pleasures are pleasant to me, no employments useful, except in so far as I can make them so by thinking of your love."

"Dearest, dearest Marion,

"Your own,

"HAMPSTEAD."

"Remember there must not be a word about a lord inside the envelope. It is very bad to me when it comes from Mrs. Roden, or from a friend such as she is; but it simply excruciates me from you. It seems to imply that you are determined to regard me as a stranger."

She read the letter a dozen times, pressing it to her lips and to her bosom. She might do that at least. He would never know how she treated this only letter that she ever had received from him,—the only letter that she would receive. These caresses were only such as those which came from her heart, to relieve her solitude. It might be absurd to her to think of the words he had spoken, and to kiss the lines which he had written. Were she now on her deathbed that would be permitted to her. Wherever she might lay her head till the last day should come that letter should be always within her reach. "My girl, my own one, my love, my treasure!" How long would it last with him? Was it not her duty to hope that the words were silly words, written as young men do write, having no eagerness of purpose,—just playing with the toy of the moment? Could it be that she should wish them to be true, knowing as she did that his girl, his

love, his treasure, as he called her, could never be given up to him? And yet she did believe them to be true, knew them to be true, and took an exceeding joy in the assurance. It was as though the beauty and excellence of their truth atoned to her for all else that was troubous to her in the condition of her life. She had not lived in vain. Her life now could never be a vain and empty space of time, as it had been consecrated and ennobled and blessed by such a love as this. And yet she must make the suffering to him as light as possible. Though there might be an ecstasy of joy to her in knowing that she was loved, there would be nothing akin to that in him. He wanted his treasure, and she could only tell him that he might never have it. "Think of it all, and ask yourself whether it is in your heart to refuse to bid me be happy." It was in her heart to do it. Though it might break her heart she would do it. It was the one thing to do which was her paramount duty. "You have told me that you love me." Truly she had told him so, and certainly she would never recall her words. If he ever thought of her in future years when she should long have been at her rest,—and she thought that now and again he would think of her, even when that noble bride should be sitting at his table,—he should still remember that she had given him her whole heart. He had bade her write to him at Trafford. She would obey him. She would obey him at once in that; but she would tell him that she could not obey him in ought else. "Tell me that it shall be so," he had said to her with his sweet, imperious, manly words. There had been something of command about him always, which had helped to make him so perfect in her eyes. "You do not understand," he said, "how absolutely my heart is set upon you." Did he understand, she wondered, how absolutely her heart had been set upon him? "No pleasures are pleasant to me, no employment useful unless I can make them so by thinking of your love!" It was right that he as a man,—and such a man,—should have pleasures and employments, and it was sweet to her to be told that they could be gilded by the remembrance of her smiles. But for her, from the moment in which she had known him, there could be no pleasure but to think of him, no serious employment but to resolve how best she might do her duty to him.

It was not till the next morning that she took up her pen to begin her all-important letter. Though her resolution had been so firmly made, yet there had been much need for thinking before she could sit down to form the sentences. For a while she had told herself that it would be well first to consult her father; but before her father had returned to her she had remembered that nothing which he could say would induce her in the least to alter her purpose. His wishes had been made known to her; but he had failed altogether to understand the nature of the duty she had imposed upon herself. Thus she let that day pass by, although she knew that the writing of the letter would be an affair of much time to her. She could not take her sheet of paper, and scribble off warm words of love as he had done. To ask, or to give, in a matter of love must surely, she thought, be easy enough. But to have given and then to refuse,—that was the difficulty. There was so much to say of moment both to herself and to him, or rather so much to signify, that it was not at one sitting, or with a single copy, that this letter could be written. He must be assured, no doubt, of her love; but he must be made to understand,—quite to understand,—that her love could be of no avail to him. And how was she to obey him as to her mode of addressing him? "It simply excruciates me from you," he had said, thus debarring her from that only appellation which would certainly be the easiest, and which seemed to her the only one becoming. At last the letter, when written, ran as follows;—

"How I am to begin my letter I do not know, as you have forbidden me to use the only words which would come naturally. But I love you too well to displease you in so small a matter. My poor letter must therefore go to you without any such beginning as is usual. Indeed, I love you with all my heart. I told you that before, and I will not shame myself by saying that it was untrue. But I told you also before that I could not be your wife. Dearest love, I can only say again what I said before. Dearly as I love you I cannot become your wife. You bid me to think of it all, and to ask myself whether it is in my heart to refuse to bid you to be happy. It is not in my heart to let you do that which certainly would make you unhappy."

"There are two reasons for this. Of the first, though it is quite sufficient, I know that you will make nothing. When I tell you that you ought not to choose such a one as me for your wife because my manners of life have not fitted me for such a position, then you sometimes laugh at me, and sometimes are half angry,—with that fine way you have of commanding those that are about you. But not the less am I sure that I am right. I do believe that of all human beings poor Marion Fay is the dearest to you. When you tell me of your love and your treasure I do not for a moment doubt that it is all true. And were I to be your wife, your honour and your honesty would force you to be good to me. But when you found that I was not as are other grand ladies, then I think you would be disappointed. I should know it by every line of your dear face, and when I saw it there I should be broken-hearted."

"But this is not all. If there were nothing further, I think I should give way because I am only a weak girl; and your words, if not my own love, would get the better of me. But there is another thing. It is hard for me to tell, and why should you be troubled with it? But I think if I tell it you out and out, so as to make you understand the truth, then you will be convinced. Mrs. Roden could tell you the same. My dear, dear father could tell you also; only that he will not allow himself to believe, because of his love for the only child that remains to him. My mother died; and all my brothers and sisters have died. And I also shall die young."

"Is not that enough? I know that it will be enough. Knowing that it will be enough may I not speak out to you, and tell you all my heart? Will you not let me do so, as though it had been understood between us, that though we can never be more to each other than we are, yet we may be allowed to love each other? Oh, my dearest, my only dearest, just for this once I have found the words in which I may address you. I cannot comfort you as I can myself, because you are a man, and cannot find comfort in sadness and disappointment, as a girl may do. A man thinks that he should win for himself all that he wants. For a girl, I think it is sufficient for her to feel that as far as she herself is concerned, that would have been given to her which she most desires, had not Fortune been unkind. You, dearest, cannot have what you want, because you have come to poor Marion Fay with all the glory and sweetness of your love. You must suffer for a while. I who would so willingly give my life to serve you, must tell you that it will be so. But as you are a man, pluck up your heart, and tell yourself that it shall only be for a time. The shorter the better, and the stronger you will show yourself in overcoming the evil that oppresses you. And remember this. Should Marion Fay live to know that you had brought a bride home to your house, as it will be your duty to do, it will be a comfort to her to feel that the evil she has done has been cured."

"MARION."

"I cannot tell you how proud I should be to see your sister if she will condescend to come and see me. Or would it not be better that I should go over to Hendon Hall? I could manage it without trouble. Do not you write about it, but ask her to send me one word."

Such was the letter when it was at last finished and despatched. As soon as it was gone,—dropped irrevocably by her own hand into

the pillar letter-box which stood at the corner opposite to the public-house, she told her father what she had done. "And why?" he said crossly. "I do not understand thee. Thou art flighty and fickle, and knowest not thy own mind."

"Yes, father; I have known my own mind always in this matter. It was not fitting."

"If he thinks it fitting, why shouldst thou object?"

"I am not fit, father, to be the wife of a great nobleman. Nor can I trust my own health." This she said with a courage and firmness which seemed to silence him,—looking at him as though by her looks she forbade him to urge the matter further. Then she put her arms round him and kissed him. "Will it not be better, father, that you and I shall remain together till the last?"

"Nothing can be better for me that will not also be best for thee."

"For me it will be best. Father, let it be so, and let this young man be no more thought of between us." In that she asked more than could be granted to her; but for some days Lord Hampstead's name was not mentioned between them.

Two days afterwards Lady Frances came to her. "Let me look at you," said Marion, when the other girl had taken her in her arms and kissed her. "I like to look at you to see whether you are like him. To my eyes he is so beautiful."

"More so than I am."

"You are a—lady, and he is a man. But you are like him, and very beautiful. You, too, have a lover, living close to us?"

"Well, yes. I suppose I must own it."

"Why should you not own it? It is good to be loved and to love. And he has become a great nobleman,—like your brother."

"No, Marion; he is not that.—May I call you Marion?"

"Why not? He called me Marion almost at once."

"Did he so?"

"Just as though it were a thing of course. But I noticed it. It was not when he bade me poke the fire, but the next time. Did he tell you about the fire?"

"No, indeed."

"A man does not tell of such things, I think; but a girl remembers them. It is so good of you to come. You know—do you not?"

"Know what?"

"That I,—and your brother,—have settled everything at last?" The smile of pleasant good humour passed away from the face of Lady Frances, but at the moment she made no reply. "It is well that you should know. He knows now, I am sure. After what I said in my letter he will not contradict me again." Lady Frances shook her head. "I have told him that while I live he of all the world must be dearest to me. But that will be all."

"Why should you—not live?"

"Lady Frances—"

"Nay, call me Fanny."

"You shall be Fanny if you will let me tell you. Oh! I do so wish that you would understand it all, and make me tell you nothing further. But you must know,—you must know that it cannot be as your brother has wished. If it were only less known,—if he would consent and you would consent,—then I think that I could be happy. What is it after all,—the few years that we may have to live here? Shall we not meet again, and shall we not love each other then?"

"I hope so."

"If one can really hope it, then why should we not be happy? But how could I hope it if, with my eyes open, I were to bring a great misfortune upon him? If I did him an evil here, could I hope that he would love me in Heaven, when he would know all the secrets of my heart? But if he shall say to himself that I denied myself—for his sake; that I refused to be taken into his arms because it would be bad for him, then, though there may be some one dearer, then shall not I also be dear to him?" The other girl could only cling to her and embrace her. "When he shall have strong boys round his hearth—the hearth he spoke of as though it were almost mine—and little girls with pink cheeks and bonny brows, and shall know, as he will then, what I might have done for him, will he not pray for me, and tell me in his prayers that when we shall meet hereafter I shall still be dear to him? And when she knows it all, she who shall be on his breast, shall I not be dear also to her?"

"Oh, my sister!"

"He will tell her. I think he will tell her,—because of his truth, his honour, and his manliness."

Lady Frances, before she left the house, had been made to understand that her brother could not have his way in the matter which was so near his heart, and that the Quaker's daughter would certainly have hers.

CHAPTER XLIX.

"BUT HE IS;—HE IS"

GEORGE RODEN had come to a decision as to his title, and had told every one concerned that he meant to be as he always had been,—George Roden, a clerk in the Post Office. When spoken to, on this side and the other, as to the propriety,—or rather impropriety,—of his decision, he had smiled for the most part, and had said but little, but had been very confident in himself. To none of the arguments used against him would he yield in the least. As to his mother's fame, he said, no one had doubted, and no one would doubt it for a moment. His mother's name had been settled by herself, and she had borne it for a quarter of a century. She had not herself thought of changing it. For her to blaze out into the world as a Duchess,—it would be contrary to her feelings, to her taste, and to her comfort! She would have no means of maintaining the title,—and would be reduced to the necessity of still living in Paradise Row, with the simple addition of an absurd nickname. As to that, no question had been raised. It was only for him that she required the new appellation. As for herself, the whole thing had been settled at once by her own good judgment.

As for himself, he said, the arguments were still stronger against the absurd use of the grand title. It was imperative on him to earn his bread, and his only means of doing so was by doing his work as a clerk in the Post Office. Everybody admitted that it would not be becoming that a Duke should be a clerk in the Post Office. It would be so unbecoming, he declared, that he doubted whether any man could be found brave enough to go through the world with such a fool's cap on his head. At any rate he had no such courage. Moreover no Englishman, as he had been told, could at his own will and pleasure call himself by a foreign title. It was his pleasure to be an Englishman. He had always been an Englishman. As an inhabitant of Holloway he had voted for two Radical members for the Borough of Finsbury. He would not stultify his own proceedings, and declare that everything which he had done was wrong. It was thus that he argued the matter; and, as it seemed, no one could take upon himself to prove that he was an Italian, or to prove that he was a Duke.

But, though he seemed to be, if not logical, at any rate rational, the world generally did not agree with him. Wherever he was encountered there seemed to be an opinion that he ought to assume whatever name and whatever rights belonged to his father. Even at the Post Office the world was against him.

"I don't quite know why you couldn't do it," said Sir Boreas, when Roden put it to him whether it would be practicable that a young man calling himself Duca di Crinola should take his place as a clerk in Mr. Jerningham's room. It may be remembered that Sir Boreas had himself expressed some difficulty in the matter. He had told Mr. Jerningham that he did not think that they could get on very well with a real Duke among them. It was thus that the matter had

at first struck him. But he was a brave man, and, when he came to look at it all round, he did not see that there would be any impossibility. It would be a nine days' wonder, no doubt. But the man would be there just the same,—the Post Office clerk inside the Duke. The work would be done, and after a little time even he would become used to having a Duke among his subordinates. As to whether the Duke were a foreigner or an Englishman—that, he declared, would not matter in the least, as far as the Post Office was concerned. "I really don't see why you shouldn't try it," said Sir Boreas.

"The absurdity would be so great that it would crush me, sir. I shouldn't be worth my salt," said Roden.

"That's a kind of thing that wears itself out very quickly. You would feel odd at first,—and so would the other men, and the messengers. I should feel a little odd when I asked some one to send the Duca di Crinola to me, for we are not in the habit of sending for Dukes. But there is nothing that you can't get used to. If your father had been a Prince I don't think I should break down under it after the first month."

"What good would it do me, Sir Boreas?"

"I think it would do you good. It is difficult to explain the good,—particularly to a man who is so violently opposed as you to all ideas of rank. But—"

"You mean that I should get promoted quicker because of my title?"

"I think it probable that the Civil Service generally would find itself able to do something more for a good officer with a high name than for a good officer without one."

"Then, Sir Boreas, the Civil Service ought to be ashamed of itself."

"Perhaps so;—but such would be the fact. Somebody would interfere to prevent the anomaly of the Duca di Crinola sitting at the same table with Mr. Crocker. I will not dispute it with you,—whether it ought to be so;—but, if it be probable, there is no reason why you should not take advantage of your good fortune. You have capacity and courage enough to act up to it. Of course what we all want in life is success. If a chance comes in your way I don't see why you should fling it away." This was the wisdom of Sir Boreas; but Roden would not take advantage of it. He thanked the great man for his kindness and sympathy, but declined to reconsider his decision.

In the outer office,—in the room, for instance, in which Mr. Jerningham sat with Crocker and Bobbin and Geraghty, the feeling was very much stronger in favour of the title, and was expressed in stronger language. Crocker could not contain himself when he heard that there was a doubt upon the subject. On Roden's first arrival at the office Crocker almost flung himself into his friend's arms, with just a single exclamation. "Duca, Duca, Duca!" he had said, and had then fallen back into his own seat overcome by his emotions. Roden had passed this by without remark. It was very distasteful to him, and disgusting. He would fain have been able to sit down at his own desk, and go on with his own work, without any special notice of the occasion, other than the ordinary greeting occasioned by his return. It was distressing to him that anything should have been known about his father and his father's title. But that it should be known was natural. The world had heard of it. The world had put it into the newspapers, and the world had talked about it. Of course Mr. Jerningham also would talk of it, and the two younger clerks,—and Crocker. Crocker would of course talk of it louder than any one else. That was to be expected. A certain amount of misconduct was to be expected from Crocker, and must be forgiven. Therefore he passed over the ecstatic and almost hysterical repetition of the title which his father had borne, hoping that Crocker might be overcome by the effort, and be tranquil. But Crocker was not so easily overcome. He did sit for a moment or two on his seat with his mouth open; but he was only preparing himself for his great demonstration.

"We are very glad to see you again,—sir," said Mr. Jerningham; not at first quite knowing how it would become him to address his fellow-clerk.

"Thank you, Mr. Jerningham. I have got back again safe."

"I am sure we are all delighted to hear—what we have heard," said Mr. Jerningham cautiously.

"By George, yes," said Bobbin. "I suppose it's true, isn't it? Such a beautiful name!"

"There are so many things are true, and so many are false, that I don't quite know how to answer you," said Roden.

"But you are?—" asked Geraghty; and then he stopped, not quite daring to trust himself with the grand title.

"No;—that's just what I'm not," replied the other.

"But he is," shouted Crocker, jumping from his seat. "He is! He is! It's quite true. He is Duca di Crinola. Of course we'll call him so, Mr. Jerningham;—eh?"

"I am sure I don't know," said Mr. Jerningham with great caution.

"You'll allow me to know my own name," said Roden.

"No! no!" continued Crocker. "It's all very well for your modesty, but it's a kind of thing which your friends can't stand. We are quite sure that you're the Duca." There was something in the Italian title which was peculiarly soothing to Crocker's ears. "A man has to be called by what he is, not by what he chooses. If the Duke of Middlesex called himself Mr. Smith, he'd be Duke all the same;—wouldn't he, Mr. Jerningham? All the world would call him Duke. So it must be with you. I wouldn't call your Grace Mr.—; you know what I mean, but I won't pronounce it ever again;—not for ever so much." Roden's brow became very black as he found himself subjected to the effects of the man's folly. "I call upon the whole office," continued Crocker, "for the sake of its own honour to give our dear and highly-esteemed friend his proper name on all occasions. Here's to the health of the Duca di Crinola!" Just at that moment Crocker's lunch had been brought in, consisting of bread and cheese and a pint of stout. The pewter pot was put to his mouth and the toast was drunk to the honour and glory of the drinker's noble friend with no feeling of intended ridicule. It was a grand thing to Crocker to have been brought into contact with a man possessed of so noble a title. In his heart of hearts he revered "The Duca." He would willingly have stayed there till six or seven o'clock and have done all the Duca's work for him,—because the Duca was a Duca. He would not have done it satisfactorily, because it was not in his nature to do any work well, but he would have done it as well as he did his own. He hated work; but he would have sooner worked all night than see a Duca do it,—so great was his reverence for the aristocracy generally.

"Mr. Crocker," said Mr. Jerningham severely, "you are making yourself a nuisance. You generally do."

"A nuisance!"

"Yes; a nuisance. When you see that a gentleman doesn't wish a thing, you oughtn't to do it."

"But when a man's name is his name—!"

"Never mind. When he doesn't wish it, you oughtn't to do it!"

"If it's a man's own real name!"

"Never mind," said Mr. Jerningham.

"If it shoots a gentleman to be incognito, why isn't he to do as he pleases?" asked Geraghty.

"If the Duke of Middlesex did call himself Mr. Smith," said Bobbin, "any gentleman that was a gentleman would fall in with his views." Crocker, not conquered, but for the moment silenced, seated himself in a dudgeon at his desk. It might do very well for

poor fellows, weak creatures like Jerningham, Bobbin, and Geraghty thus to be done out of their prey;—but he would not be cheated in that way. The Duca di Crinola should be Duca di Crinola as far as he, Crocker, could make his voice heard; and all that heard him should know that the Duca was his own old peculiar friend.

In Paradise Row the world was decidedly against Roden; and not only were the Demijohns and Duffers against him, but also his own mother and her friend Mrs. Vincent. On the first Monday after Mrs. Roden's return Mrs. Vincent came to the Row as usual,—on this occasion to welcome her cousin, and to hear all the news of the family as it had been last brought back from Italy. There was a great deal to be told. Many things had been brought to light which had had their commencement in Mrs. Vincent's days. There was something of the continuation of a mild triumph for her in every word that was spoken. She had been against the Duca di Crinola marriage, when it had been first discussed more than a quarter of a century ago. She had never believed in the Duca di Crinola, and her want of faith had been altogether justified. She did not, after all those years, bear hardly on her friend,—but there was still that well-known tone of gentle censure and of gentle self-applause. "I told you so," said the elder crow to the younger crow. When does the old crow cease to remind the younger crow that it was so? "A sad, sad story," said Mrs. Vincent, shaking her head.

"All our stories I suppose have much in them that is sad. I have got my son, and no mother can have more reason to be proud of a son." Mrs. Vincent shook her head. "I say it is so," repeated the mother; "and having such a son, I will not admit that it has all been sad."

"I wish he were more ready to perform his religious duties," said Mrs. Vincent.

"We cannot all agree about everything. I do not know that that need be brought up now."

"It is a matter that should be brought up every hour and every day, Mary,—if the bringing of it up is to do any good."

But it was not on this matter that Mrs. Roden now wished to get assistance from her cousin;—certainly not with any present view towards the amelioration of her son's religious faith. That might come afterwards perhaps. But it was her present object to induce her cousin to agree with her, that her son should permit himself to be called by his father's title. "But you think he should take his father's name?" she asked. Mrs. Vincent shook her head and tried to look wise. The question was one on which her feelings were very much divided. It was of course proper that George Roden should be called by his father's name. All the proprieties of the world, as known to Mrs. Vincent, declared that it should be so. She was a woman, too, who by no means despised rank, and who considered that much reverence was due to those who were privileged to carry titles. Dukes and lords were certainly very great in her estimation, and even the humblest knight was respected by her, as having been in some degree lifted above the community by the will of his Sovereign. And though she was always in some degree hostile to George Roden, because of the liberties he took in regard to certain religious matters, yet she was good enough and kind enough to wish well to her own cousin. Had there been a question in regard to an English title she certainly would not have shaken her head. But as to this outlandish Italian title, she had her doubts. It did not seem to her to be right that an Englishman should be called a Duca. If it had been Baron, or even Count, the name would have been less offensive. And then to her mind hereditary titles, as she had known them, had been recommended by hereditary possessions. There was something to her almost irreligious in the idea of a Duke without an acre. She could therefore only again shake her head. "He has as much right to it," continued Mrs. Roden, "as has the eldest son of the greatest peer in England."

"I daresay he has, my dear, but—"

"But what?"

"I daresay you're right, only;—only it's not just like an English peer, you know."

"The privilege of succession is the same."

"He never could sit in the House of Lords, my dear."

"Of course not. He would assume only what is his own. Why should he be ashamed to take an Italian title any more than his friend Lord Hampstead is to take an English one? It is not as though it would prevent his living here. Many foreign noblemen live in England."

"I suppose he could live here," said Mrs. Vincent as though she were making a great admission. "I don't think that there would be any law to turn him out of the country."

"Nor out of the Post Office, if he chooses to remain there," said Mrs. Roden.

"I don't know how that may be."

"Even if they did, I should prefer that it should be so. According to my thinking, no man should fling away a privilege that is his own, or should be ashamed of assuming a nobility that belongs to him. If not for his own sake, he should do it for the sake of his children. He at any rate has nothing to be ashamed of in the name. It belonged to his father and to his grandfather, and to his ancestors through many generations. Think how men fight for a title in this country; how they struggle for it when there is a doubt as to who may properly have inherited it! Here there is no doubt. Here there need be no struggle." Convinced by the weight of this argument Mrs. Vincent gave in her adhesion, and at last expressed an opinion that her cousin should at once call himself by his father's name.

(To be continued)

SCIENTIFIC NOTES

ACCORDING to Sir Henry Bessemer there were extracted from the mines in this country during the past year 154 million tons of coal, enough, he tells us, to construct fifty-five pyramids the size of that of Gheza. These figures bring to mind the stupendous consumption of coal in England, and the reflection that the supply must some day come to an end. The duration of our coal-fields has been estimated at about 800 years, but some say that the supply will be exhausted in half that time. It matters little to the present generation which estimate may be nearer the truth, and it will probably matter as little to those who are to come after. For if the anticipations of advanced electricians are realised the future prosperity of the country will not depend, as in the past, upon its coal-fields, but upon the amount of tidal power and water power generally, whereby electric motors can be actuated.

Sir Henry Bessemer makes the startling suggestion that our coals should be conveyed to us by wire instead of by railway. Sir William Thompson has, as our readers may probably remember, calculated that by means of dynamo machines actuated by the Falls of Niagara, motive power to any extent could be conveyed by means of a half-inch copper wire to a distance of 300 miles with a loss of only 20 per cent. in transmission. Sir Henry Bessemer's plan is to plant dynamo machines at the pit's mouth, so that coal burnt there to work these engines could by wire be delivered in London in the form of electric energy.

The installation of the Edison Light on the Holborn Viaduct and in adjacent buildings forms a marked advance in the history of electrical illumination. Hitherto the various systems exhibited in London have been represented by single brilliant lamps, of so many hundred candle power, each lamp superseding the use of many

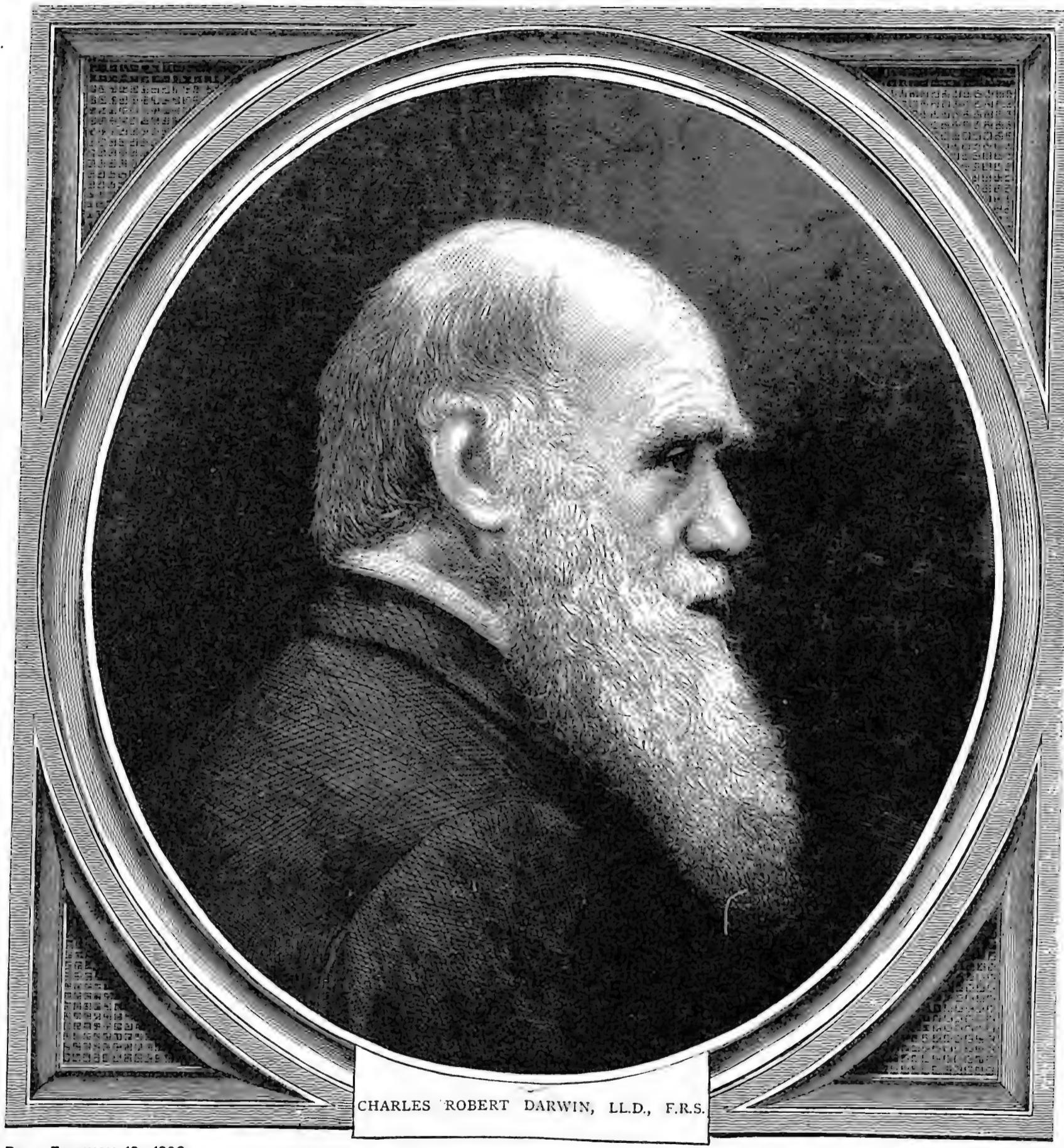
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CHARLES ROBERT DARWIN

CHARLES ROBERT DARWIN, who, by the general consent of the entire civilised world is acknowledged to have been the greatest naturalist of our time, and one of the most original thinkers whom the world has ever seen, was the son of Dr. R. W. Darwin, and grandson of the celebrated Erasmus Darwin, F.R.S., author of "The Botanic Gardens," "Zoonomia," &c. He was born at Shrewsbury in February, 1809, educated at the Grammar School of his native town, and afterwards at the Universities of Edinburgh and Cambridge. In 1831, when H.M.S. *Beagle* was about to start on her five years' surveying cruise round the world, and Captain Fitzroy (afterwards better known as Admiral Fitzroy of meteorological fame), had offered to give up half his cabin to any naturalist who would accompany the expedition; young Darwin

at once volunteered to go without salary, on condition that he should have the entire disposal of his collections (which he ultimately deposited in various public institutions), and during that voyage, though suffering almost without cessation from sea-sickness, he perhaps did more single-handed for natural history in all its varied departments than any expedition has done since. On his return to England he published that charming and intensely interesting account of the voyage, the "Journal of the Researches into the Geology and Natural History of Various Countries," the second edition of which was dedicated to Sir Charles Lyell, who, with his usual acuteness, early perceived the remarkable originality of the young naturalist, and gave him much wise counsel and help. Amongst the direct results of this great voyage were Mr. Darwin's work on the "Structure and Distribution of Coral Reefs," in which for the first time clear light was thrown on the method of work of the tiny

creatures, whose wonderful and exquisite fabrics are spread over the face of the Pacific; the descriptive account of the Zoology of the Expedition, published under his superintendence, with Professor Owen, Mr. Waterhouse, the Rev. L. Jenyns, and Mr. Bell as contributing specialists; and the volumes on "Volcanic Islands Visited during the Voyage," and "Geographical Observations in South America," both of which are now looked upon as standard works. Just a year after his return Mr. Darwin read to the Geological Society a paper on the "Formation of Vegetable Mould," the result of observations begun some time before, and which were afterwards continued throughout many years as is shown in his very latest work on "Earthworms," which appeared only a few months back. In 1839 he married his cousin Emma Wedgwood, a grand-daughter of the celebrated potter, and in 1842 he went to live at Down, near Beckenham in Kent, where he has ever since resided, and where on



BORN FEBRUARY 12, 1809

DIED APRIL 19, 1882

the 19th inst. he died. Here for more than forty years he lived a quiet happy life, devoting himself entirely to scientific research, the results of which were from time to time given to the world in his published works. The "Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection" appeared in 1859, and it is curious to note that Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace, away in the Malay Islands, had arrived at almost identical conclusions with those which had forced themselves upon Mr. Darwin, though it is beyond doubt that each had been working independently of the other. It was Darwin, however, who elaborated the famous "Theory" which supported as it was by Mr. Huxley, Sir C. Lyell, and Dr. Hooker, was received on the one hand with the utmost applause and enthusiasm, and on the other with an amazement and consternation which found expression in fearful anathemas and terrible prophecies of ruin to religion and morality in the event of such doctrines being generally accepted. This work, however, was but a kind of general preface to the elaborate series

of proofs which were afterwards adduced by him. The "Fertilisation of Orchids," the "Cross and Self-Fertilisation of Plants," the "Forms of Flowers," "The Movements and Habits of Climbing Plants," Insectivorous Plants," "Variations of Plants and Animals under Domestication," were successively produced, and in 1871 the appearance of the "Descent of Man," in which the author spoke of our primal ancestor being "a hairy quadruped, furnished with a tail and pointed ears, probably arboreal in its habits," again aroused the violent controversy regarding the Darwinian doctrines, which was then beginning to subside. "The Expressions of the Emotions in Man and Animals" did not do much to allay this, though none could deny that it contained a marvellous series of very curious observations. Mr. Darwin, was, however, not only a most brilliant scientist and lucid thinker, but a most patient, modest, and judicious writer. The love of truth for its own sake was the one rule of his life, and he was happy in having outlived the

bigotry and prejudice of which he was at one time the object, and seen the most complete revulsion of public opinion in regard to his teaching, which from being looked upon with horror as a scandalous heresy has become almost universally accepted, the difficulty now being to find any one who will openly dissent from it. The burial of such a man in Westminster Abbey is an indication not only of the national recognition of his splendid genius and valuable labours, but also of the triumph of the age over the bigotry which not so very long ago would have regarded it as little less than sacrilege. Mr. Darwin was a member of several English and foreign scientific bodies, a Knight of the Prussian Order *Pour le Mérite*, a corresponding member of the Academy at Vienna, of the French Academy of Sciences, M.D. of the University of Leyden, LL.D. of the University of Cambridge.—Our portrait is reproduced from an engraving published in this journal, No. 278, Vol. XI., March 27, 1875, from a photograph by O. G. Rejlander, 1, Albert Mansions, S.W.

SIR HENRY COLE, K.C.B.

WHO died on Tuesday, last week, after a brief illness, was a man of great ability, untiring energy, and indomitable perseverance, which enabled him, in the face of much adverse criticism and actual opposition, to continue steadfastly in the course which he had marked out for himself until his desired objects had been achieved. The organisation and development of the South Kensington Museum and the Science and Art Department, so long looked upon with coldness and disfavour, but now universally acknowledged to be an institution whose value is almost incalculable, was mainly due to his unwearied efforts, and if this were the only work of his life, we should have to acknowledge a deep debt of gratitude to the man who had done so much for technical and artistic education in this country. He was the son of Captain Henry Robert Cole, of the 82nd

Regiment, and was born at Bath, July 15th, 1808. He was educated at Christ's Hospital, and leaving there at the age of fifteen, he began public life under the Record Commission, being at a later date appointed Assistant Keeper of the Public Records. While holding this position he published "Henry the Eighth's Scheme of Bishoprics;" a volume of "Miscellaneous Records of the Exchequer;" and a number of pamphlets on Record Reform, which contributed materially towards the establishment of a General Record Office and its present system. In conjunction with Sir W. Molsworth and Mr. Charles Buller he started the *Guide* newspaper, of which he was Editor; and at a later period he became successively Editor of the *Historical Register* and the *Journal of Design*. He was also a frequent contributor to the *Westminster, British and Foreign*, and *Edinburgh* Reviews, the *Illustrated London News*, and other periodicals; and under the

nom de plume of "Felix Summerly" he published several handbooks to the National Gallery, Hampton Court, and other public exhibitions of Art, besides some illustrated editions of children's books. He was also the author of a work on "Light, Shade, and Colour," and edited a reprint of Albert Dürer's "Small Passion," with reproductions from casts of the original blocks in the British Museum. In 1840 he gained one of the four prizes of 100*l.*, offered by the Treasury for suggestions for developing the Penny Postage plan originated by Sir Rowland Hill.

About the year 1845 he began to devote his attention to the development of Art in connection with industrial manufactures. He originated a series of "Art Manufactures," contributing many designs himself; and he assisted the Society of Arts in organising a series of exhibitions for the purpose of stimulating public industry and invention. Out of this germ the late Prince Consort evolved the



BORN JUNE 19, 1808

DIED APRIL 18, 1882

great International Exhibition of 1851, which first revealed to us how far we were behind other nations in the Fine Arts of manufacture and design. Mr. Cole was one of the Executive Committee, and for his services in that capacity he was created a C.B. (Civil Division). In 1850-2 he drew up three reports on Reform of the Patent Laws, which contributed to the passing of an amending Act. Mr. Cole now left the Record Office, and undertook at the request of the Government the reorganisation of the Schools of Design established in 1837, the outcome of which was the Science and Art Department, of which he was for twenty-one years Secretary.

At the close of the Exhibition of 1851 Parliament had voted a grant of 5,000*l.* towards the purchase of such of the more striking examples exhibited as were calculated to advance ornamental art. The articles thus purchased were exhibited, together with the prize drawings from various Art Schools throughout the country, at Marlborough House in 1852. This was the beginning of the

Museum of Science and Art, for the permanent part of the exhibition was afterwards transferred to those temporary buildings at South Kensington which were long known and despised as the "Brompton boilers." Mr. Cole, however, persevered through evil and good report until the "Brompton boilers" were replaced by a stately pile, and the despised offspring of the great Exhibition of 1851 became one of the most valuable and popular of our national collections. These efforts, however, did not exhaust his energies. He was English Commissioner at the Paris Exhibitions of 1855 and 1867, and he was one of the managers of the London International Exhibition of 1862. He organised the annual exhibitions which were held in London in 1872-3-4; he was an active Vice-President of the Society of Arts, and he was among the first originators and most energetic promoters of the Royal Albert Hall. In 1873, after fifty years of public service, he retired on a full pension specially awarded by the Treasury, and in 1875 was created a K.C.B. After his retirement from public service he continued almost as active as

ever. He assisted in establishing the National Training School for Music, founded the National Training School for Cookery, and began framing a scheme for the formation of Guilds of Health, a design which, we believe, will be carried out by the Society of Arts. He had also during the last few months devoted some time, with the assistance of his daughter, to an account of his fifty years' labour in the service of the public, but which he was unable to finish, although he left materials for its completion. His last illness only lasted a few days. He had for some time been suffering from heart disease, and had been cautioned against excitement, and it was over-exertion at a recent meeting in the City which is supposed to have increased his malady, though his condition was not considered critical until the day on which he passed away painlessly and without warning. His remains were interred at Brompton Cemetery on Saturday last.—Our portrait is from a reproduction of one published in this journal in No. 75, Vol. III., May 6, 1871, from a photograph by Mrs. Cameron.

dozens of gas-burners. But Mr. Edison bases his system on quite another plan. His lamps are each of sixteen-candle power, and they are so arranged that each can be turned off or on like an ordinary gas tap. Here then the gas companies are met face to face on their own ground. Their strong point against the introduction of electric lighting was that the current could not be sufficiently subdivided to give all the conveniences afforded by gas pipes, but Mr. Edison shows that this is a fallacy. The current is generated from a central station, and is distributed where required. Moreover, each lamp is so far independent of its fellows that it can be turned off without in any way affecting the rest.

Referring once more to the Naval and Submarine Exhibition, which closed last week at the Agricultural Hall, we call to mind one or two clever contrivances which are specially worthy of notice. The first is the working model of Smith's Anticipatory Marine Engine Governor, designed to prevent a ship's engine from "racing" when the propeller by the action of the waves is lifted out of the water. Every one who has been a passenger on board a screw steamer must have experienced the very unpleasant vibration which occurs whenever this takes place. The Marine Governor meets the difficulty in the following manner:—

As near as possible to the propeller is fixed—inside the ship, but communicating with the sea—a cylindrical chamber (A). In this chamber is a float (J), which of course rises and falls according to the level of the water. In a rough sea this level naturally varies as the vessel is tossed up and down by the waves. Attached to the float (J) is a rod (L), which by means of a lever is connected with a steam-cock at (P). The steam is thus cut off and turned on proportionately as the water rises or falls, the propeller ceasing to work when lifted from the water.

Another invention worth noticing, by the by, was hidden away in a dark corner of the hall—is Lieutenant Tipping's lifeboat life-buoy. This consists of a tiny lifeboat, which can, in case of a man being washed overboard, be thrown from a vessel's stern. It is furnished with food and the means of striking a light, and would be far more serviceable for the purpose designed than the ordinary lifebuoy. We might suggest that a coat of luminous paint would much increase its value.

Fig. 2 illustrates another life-saving contrivance, which from its extreme simplicity would be most useful in time of danger, when people have not the presence of mind to bring into play apparatus which requires any kind of adjustment. It consists of a lifebuoy and seat combined, formed of two buckets, which can, if required, be used as such in case of fire. Lashed together, a few of these seats would form the base of a very good raft in cases of shipwreck, and they are also available for the storage of food and water, or for the safe custody of ship's papers. The invention is due to Mr. Richard Rose, of 72, Leadenhall Street.

M. Marey has, for the purpose of studying the motions of a bird in flight, contrived a photographic fowling-piece, which, pointed at a bird on the wing, will take twelve instantaneous pictures in as many fractions of a second. These pictures arranged for projection on a screen, by means of the phenakistoscope, after the manner of Mr. Muybridge's trotting horse, would reproduce the movements of the wings, and those movements could be analysed. Mr. R. A. Proctor is so impressed with the value of this new method of

studying the attitude of animals in motion that he offers a prize of 50/- towards the expense of photographing a rowing match, so that a perfect style, such as that of Hanlan, may be handed down to posterity in the form of pictures which would show the details of which that style is made up.

A new form of lamp, devised by Dr. Regnard for lantern projection is described in *La Nature*. It is said to give a light which far exceeds in brilliancy that of a mineral oil, but which is less than that of the limelight. The lamp consists of a Bunsen burner which is fed by means of petroleum vapour and air. The flame impinges upon a network of platinum wire, which is thus rendered incandescent. The disadvantage of the contrivance seems to lie in the necessity of a bag or bellows to afford a continuous current of air, this air current being required to take up the vapour from the petroleum. Practically a bag of oxygen could be prepared with as little trouble, and then the operator would have at his disposal the limelight itself, with its far more efficient light.

T. C. H.

than supineness of nearly all the American Churches. But there is no doubt that these were almost wholly anti-Abolitionist; and there must be some truth in the allegation that the ministers could not afford to offend their members, who were all suffering from "Colorphobia." What an argument this is against disestablishment. If you want a body of men independent of public prejudice you are not likely to get it by making their income depend on the pleasure of those whom they have to teach.

"We are better than our fathers" would be the inevitable remark of one who should take up "Shadows of the Past" (Allen and Co.) after reading "General Jack," or any similar works of the Defoe period. In this "Autobiography of General Kenyon" Mr. Sale Lloyd has given us the life-story of a noble-minded Christian officer, who went through the Cabul Campaign, the Sikh War, the Crimean War, and the Mutiny. The descriptive part of the work is kept well in the background, and there is much real pathos in some of the episodes. One of them, "A Broken Heart," shows that doing away with duelling has not been all gain. We heartily recommend the book; the tone is excellent, and it is full of indirect teaching.

"The International Scientific Series" (Kegan Paul and Co.) continues its work with Tito Vignoli on "Myth and Science," and Professor Young, of New Jersey College, on "The Sun." The former treatise is full of fancies—dogs, for instance, are credited with something like fetish worship. Its style, too, will puzzle many who have delighted in the lucid clearness of volumes like Huxley's "Crayfish." The unmetaphysical mind resents such a sentence as "an unusual movement arouses in the animal the congenital sense of the intentional subjectivity of phenomena." Still, the evolution of myth is a matter of great importance in the history of mind, and it is very interesting to compare Vignoli's views, where we can understand them, with those of Max Müller and Herbert Spencer. The chapter on "Dreams and Illusions" treats also of the "Origin of Music and Rhythm." Darwin told us long ago that man sang before he spoke, and why. Vignoli's grandiloquent way of putting it is: "By these organic and cosmic tendencies, and by the intrinsic impulse towards modulation of sound, speech first issued from the human breast in harmonious accents and rhythmic form." Berg, in his "Enjoyment of Music," holds that our preference for certain sounds is negative; we select not the most pleasing, but the least painful. Berg must have had a wide experience of amateur concerts. Professor Young has aimed at combining the maximum of scientific information with the minimum of technical language, and we think he has succeeded. He has gone to the latest authorities—has embodied in his appendix Professor Langley's "Bolometric" investigations. His photographic and other illustrations are numerous and well executed.

We cannot understand the principle of selection in "Familiar Allusions" (Chatto and Windus); why Sonneck is put in, and Laach and Olbrück, and scores more of equal interest, left out; how, having thought fit to squeeze in Iniscealtra between a picture by Raphael and the Inner Temple, he says nothing of the far more famous Skellings; why he mentions Duff House but ignores Berry Pomeroy; and why Sherwood is picked out to the exclusion of Whittlebury, Delamere, Charnwood, and the rest. The book, however, is full of "miscellaneous information," especially about works of Art and American names. It tells the travelling Yankee what a Madonna is; and it explains to ignorant Europeans what and why famous are Madison Square, Madison Cave, and the Cardiff giant. Mr. C. G. Wheeler, who has completed Mr. W. A. Wheeler's work, believes it to be unique. In America it may be so.

"A Daily Text Book" (Sampson Low and Co.), beautifully printed and daintily got up, consists of brief selections from Thomas à Kempis' "Imitation of Christ." The idea was a good one, and the author, Miss (?) W. E. Winks, has carried it out very well. All the "Imitation" is precious, but the gems do not lose by being picked out.

Everybody ought to read "Magyar-Land" (Sampson Low and Co.). The letter-press is fresh and sparkling; the illustrations, large and small, are delightfully characteristic. It takes us by strange paths among strange people; for it follows the byways, not the highways, of what, in its physical geography no less than in its strange chaos of races, is the most interesting of European countries. The reader is kept in a whirl of pleasant excitement, among Slovaks in hats with four feet of brim, Magyar *miskas* in the national *bunda* flirting with dark-eyed *kiseleány*, gypsies flinging about their weird music or talking in their strangely melancholy tones, shepherds on the *puszta* playing the *telinka*, and hungry hotel guests devouring *paprika hendl*; ice caves; pine woods; where the edible fungi simulate lovely flowers; seas of mud which no courtesy can accept as roads; "poor lads" (runaways from conscription turned brigands); Tokay wine growers,—our (female) "Fellow of the Carpathian Society" tells us about everything in one of the pleasantest travel books we ever read. The dedication "to all who love mountains by one who worships them," if it savours of the grandiloquence which is the only drawback to thorough enjoyment of the work, is most appropriate; for every page of these two volumes shows real love of nature and power of describing its various aspects. Our authoress found that the number of English visitors to Pesth has been decreasing; we fancy her book will work a change in this respect, for a people who call mother *Anyán* must surely be worth visiting; we therefore wish a little more information had been given about that new route from Venice by which she entered the country.



"THE FATE OF MADAME LATOUR: A Tale of the Great Salt Lake," by Mrs. A. G. Paddock (1 vol., Trübner and Co.), is an exception to the usual run of fiction imported from America by being really interesting. But its interest depends upon the extent to which it is a truthful story in the main, and upon its preface, notes, and appendices. Mrs. Paddock, writing from Great Salt Lake, knows the Mormon question from present knowledge, as well as from study, and her so-called tale is a really valuable work upon the rise and progress of this strange new religion of the nineteenth century. The enemies of Mormonism, that is to say, those who know the system best, will find their hands strengthened by this collection of alleged facts which Mrs. Paddock has, unwisely we think, diluted with fancy. For her invented incidents are feeble indeed compared with the facts which she brings forward, if indeed they are facts. Naturally, the topic of Polygamy takes the leading place in her romance of Utah; and she does not forget to bring out the significant fact that this peculiar institution is on the increase, despite the attempts of the United States Government to attack it upon its own ground. Mrs. Paddock takes no picturesquely or sentimental view of the question as some European travellers have done. She exposes and denounces, and brings facts to bear upon her view with what would be real power, had she not been so ill-advised as to make them the theme of a story.

The recent death of the great German novelist, Berthold Auerbach, gives special interest to E. Nicholson's translation of his "Spinoza" in the "Tauchnitz Collection of German Authors" (Sampson Low and Co.). "Spinoza" was, we believe, among the very earliest, if it were not the very first, of Auerbach's works; and the history of the great Hebrew philosopher exercised over the mind of the Hebrew novelist the fascination which almost all metaphysical intellects have

undergone at some period or other in their development. Something of that fascination will be conveyed by this curious philosophical romance even in its unsuitable English guise. The various influences which formed the mind of Spinoza are taken one after another, and thrown into the form of a regularly constructed novel, with his excommunication from the Synagogue for one crisis, and the sorry ending of his love story, with Van den Ende's daughter as its heroine, for another. All is taken from a thoroughly popular point of view, and the work overflows with curious scraps of Cabalistic and Talmudic learning. That Auerbach's Spinoza is the real Spinoza we are far from saying. But the portrait, as a legitimate idealisation of a passionately philosophic character, is extraordinarily successful; and could not have been produced without more profound and exact study than the form of the romance allows to appear. Perhaps the reader should obtain a little previous knowledge of Spinoza's biography before he can fairly enjoy Auerbach's colouring, but, failing this, he will be curiously constituted if the work does not tempt him to make further acquaintance with the history of one of the very greatest of human minds, and noblest of lives.

"Rydale; or, Before and After Culloden," by P. Wood (1 vol., Wyman and Sons), assumes an ignorance, on the general reader's part, concerning the history of '45 that would once have been considered disgraceful; whether that be the case now we are hardly sure. Assuming such ignorance to be legitimate, Mr. Wood has done well to put the leading events of the rising together in proper chronological order. But why he should have chosen to call his work a novel, and to introduce imaginary characters without any apparent reason, is a mystery. The imaginary incidents might, or rather might not, have happened anywhere and anywhere; and the general effect is that of a penny novelette incongruously interleaved with a chance chapter of "Mrs. Markham's History of England." The facts are all right, and are not rendered inaccurate or confused by any attempt to give them life or colour, but the fiction is simply absurd.

"The Doctor of the *Rungapore*, a Tale of To-Day," by Ross Gordon (1 vol., F. Warne and Co.), is prefaced by a pretentious introduction which leads one to expect a work of no ordinary quality. The author complains of being "bullied by the children of his imagination," who refused to live or die according to order. The common-place character of the result is therefore exceptionally disappointing, and the fact that Mr. Gordon intended to write something else, and did not, is surprising and puzzling. Surely he intended his villain to murder his patient and be killed in a railway accident just at the right time, and his virtuous people to live and be happy? Surely he pulled these strings in the way he meant them to go? If not, common-place stories are less common-place than is usually supposed.



MESSRS. METZLER AND CO.—An operetta of more than ordinary merit is "Kevin's Choice," music by T. A. Wallworth, libretto by F. Hazlewood. The scene, laid in Ireland, is a rough cabin in the foreground, and landscape with lake and mountains in the background, it is not changed throughout the piece. Six characters are required, four men and two women; the love story, with a happy ending, after a due amount of misunderstanding, has nothing very original about it, but serves as a very excellent peg upon which to hang some bright and melodious music. This operetta is admirably suited for amateur performances; it may be performed by application to the composer, and the songs or other pieces may be sung in public without a fee.—Two quaint and pleasing songs after the antique, written and composed by Georges Bizet, and Theo. Marzials are "In the Woods" ("Vieille Chanson"), and "April Song" ("Chanson d'Avril"). Both are published in two keys; the latter is the more pleasing of the two.—Although of a very hackneyed type, "The Little Crossing Sweeper," words by Louisa Brockman, music by Arthur Carnall, is a pathetic song; it is published in three keys.—"Shaking Grass" is the quaint title of a very pretty song, written and composed by A. M. Wakefield.—Most original and prettiest of our song-budget is "In the Moonlight," a graceful ballad composed by Lady Arthur Hill, written by Theo. Marzials. It is a pity that this song is published in three keys, as it will soon become hackneyed by repetition.—A pleasing song for a contralto is "After Years," words by Morgan, music by A. C. Macleod.—Cheerful words wedded to a suitable melody will be found in "For Aye," written and composed by Edward Oxenford and Odoardo Barri, published in G and B flat.—Canon Kingsley's lively poem, "When All the World is Young," has been set to music by J. M. Coward, who, although not the first to have been inspired by these pretty words, has certainly done as well as any of his predecessors.—The above composer has also arranged the "Grand March from Carmen" (G. Bizet) as a brilliant piece for the pianoforte.—Berthold Tours has done equally well by "Yellow Jasmine," from F. H. Cowen's suite, "The Language of the Flowers," having arranged it for violin and piano in a musically manner.—Very showy is "Chant de Matelots" (a *caprice de concert*), by A. l'Estrange, albeit a trifle scrambling unless played in strict time.—"La Reine des Papillons" is a pretty valse by Georges Lamothe; the frontispiece is very dazzling.—"Les Yeux de Fanchette," by E. A. Robinson, is a meet companion valse for the above.

MESSRS. ENOCH AND SONS.—A brace of fairly good songs published in three keys, written and composed by E. Oxenford and Milton Wellings, are entitled respectively "Dreaming" and "Weaving."—Two songs by Cotsford Dick are, the one, "Day by Day," a very sweet love song, in C and B flat; and the other, "The Kingdom of the Blest," a semi-religious song, of which both words and music are very refined.—Three songs of but average merit, which will please for a transient hour, are "The Dim Hills Far Away," written and composed by W. M. Hutchinson; "Ages Ago," the pathetic words of which, by Hugh Conway, are far more satisfactory than the music by F. H. Cowen; and "Darling Mine," written and composed by E. Oxenford and Louis Engel.—Milton Wellings' popular song "Golden Love" has been well arranged as a waltz by Georges Lamothe.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The "Jumbo and Alice" polka, by Henry Klein, has a very amusing frontispiece of the elephant hero and heroine in tears, but the music is very poor (Edward Smallwood Lane).—The most facetious of black pussies attracts attention to "The Light Fantastic Polka," by J. Cooke, the music of which is tuneful and danceable (Messrs. Marriott and Williams).

TWO FRESH GERMAN ARCTIC EXPEDITIONS start in June, in order to establish as near as possible to the North and South Poles stations for meteorological and astronomical observations. The northern station will be at Cumberland Sound, Davis Strait, the southern on the Island of Georgia, and the two will form part of the international circle of scientific colonies which are to be established this year. We lately mentioned the departure of the Austrian expedition for this purpose, which is to take up its quarters on the island of Jan Mayen early in May. The expedition will remain there fifteen months, being fetched home in August, 1883, but is provisioned for two years, in case of accident.



EVEN those who know most about the American Abolitionists will find a great deal to interest them in "William Lloyd Garrison and His Times" (Sampson Low and Co.); indeed, this revised edition, with introduction by J. G. Whittier, is a new work for most of us. The stirring life of "that madcap Garrison," his early struggles, disowned as he was by every one except a few obscure Quakers; his attempt to move Dr. Lyman Beecher, from whom he succeeded in drawing tears but not support; his work at Lane Seminary, where the students who started classes for coloured people were jeered at and maltreated—all this, as well as his relations with Benjamin Lundy, the Quaker printer, who walked from town to town carrying his head rules and his subscription book, and publishing his "Genius of Universal Emancipation" wherever he found a press, and with other Quakers, such as Arnold Buffum, the hatter, and with Miss Abby Kelley, whom the other party so filthily calumniated, is told by Mr. Oliver Johnson in the servile strain of one who can say of what he describes *quam pars magna fui*. Garrison was four times in England; and the way in which he was appreciated by many of our foremost men contrasts with the obloquy and misrepresentation with which he was assailed in America. His funeral oration by Wendell Phillips is a fine specimen of what such a speech ought to be. Like Disraeli, Garrison started with the threat: "I will be heard." In excuse for the general heat of his language, he said, "I have need to be all on fire, for I have mountains of ice about me to melt." We trust Mr. Johnson unconsciously exaggerates the worse

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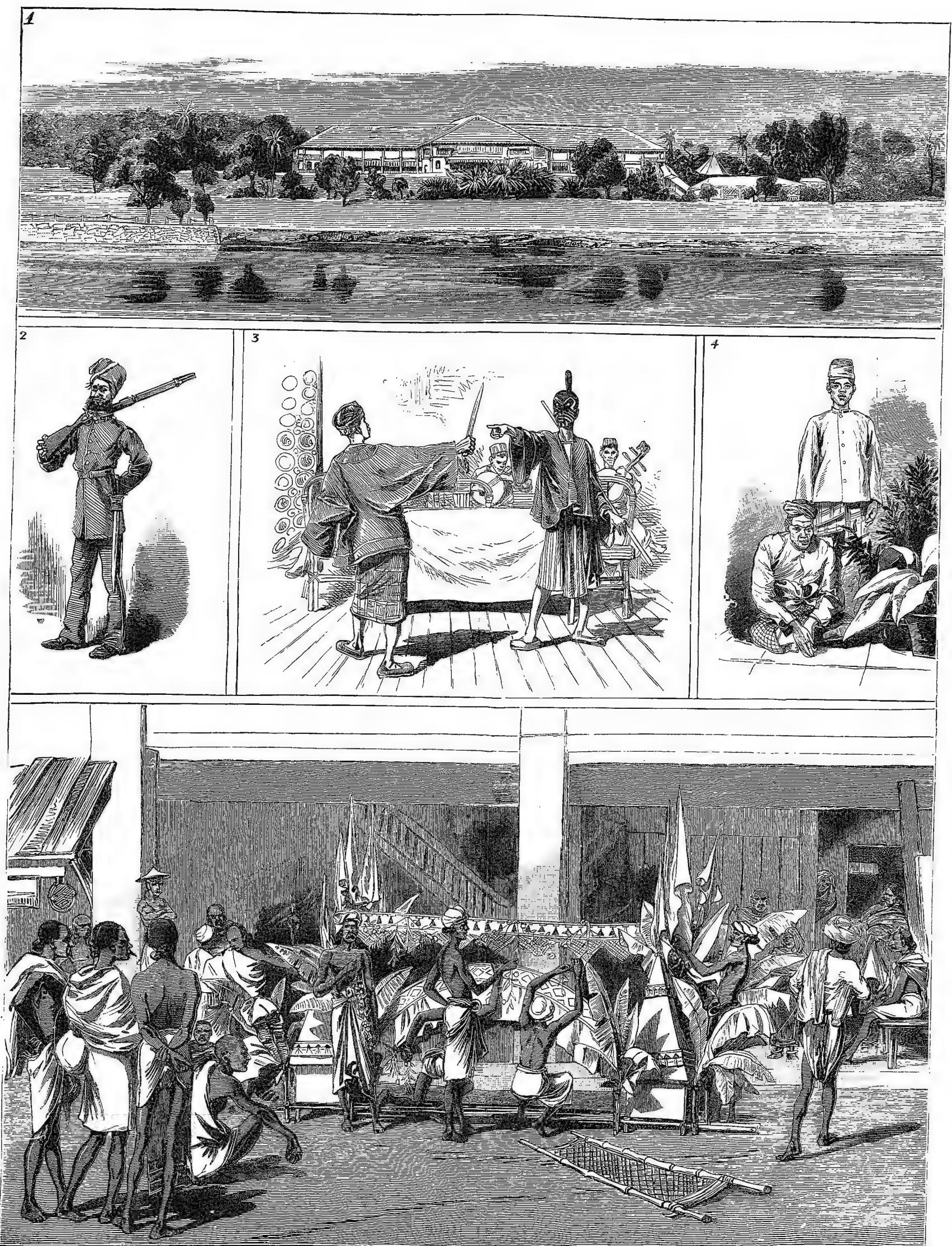
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1. A Cool Way of going through the Desert.—2. Writing Home.—3. The Lottery : Selling the Tickets.—4. The Noble Game of Bull.

A JOURNEY BY THE OVERLAND ROUTE, I.L.



1. The "Estana" of the Maharajah of Johore.—2. Body-guard of the Maharajah of Johore.—3. Malay Actors.—4. Butler and Attendant.—5. A Kling Funeral : Preparing the Bier.

ROUND THE WORLD YACHTING IN THE "CEYLON," XVI.—SINGAPORE

FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. C. E. FRIPP

lady as fallen to the depth of associating with such folk before the sudden appearance of her husband on the scene. Additional force is thus given to his complaints of the degradation of his name; but this justification necessarily fails to appear when we know that the situation of affairs is of his own choice. There are some excellent bits of character-acting in all this nevertheless. Mr. Brookfield's impersonation of the garrulous, knavish, yet frank servant of the quack doctor, for example—a part played with great success in Paris by M. Colombey, afforded great amusement. Mrs. Bancroft appears in the merely incidental character of a widow lady who haunts the gaming-tables, but she plays it with all her force and humour. Mr. Cecil appears as the good-natured cynic, whose comments on life in Nice, and society in general, are so amusing; Mr. Conway, as another intimate friend of Lord Henry. An American actor, Mr. Owen Dove, appears in the part of the quack doctor, who, for the better display of his powers, is assumed to be a fellow countryman of his; Mr. Pinero represents a vulgar London tradesman on his travels; Miss Maria Daly, another type of old-lady frequenter of the gaming-house; and Miss Measor, a young married wife upon her honeymoon tour. All these are excellent studies of life, and are in themselves very entertaining, though the length of the play, which occupied nearly four hours in representation, and the rather superabundant supply of dialogue, unfortunately prevented the merits of these various performances receiving full recognition. That pleasing young actress, Miss Grahame, in the certainly not unimportant part of the daughter of Lord Henry, failed no less at times to keep her audience in good humour, though she triumphed in the tender and touching final scene—the interview with the mother, who, we may here observe, does not commit suicide in the adaptation, but simply retires from the scene full of sorrow and remorse. *Odette*, we need hardly say, is put on the stage with exquisite care and good taste. Its reception was, on the whole, decidedly favourable.

Mr. Arthur à Beckett's little piece called *Long Ago* at the ROYALTY is so like in story the final scenes of *Odette*, that the author has deemed it advisable to point to the fact that it is based on a tale of his which was published some years before M. Sardou's play was in existence. It tells the story of a worthless mother, in whom better feelings are awakened through her accidentally being brought into contact with a son from whom she has been absolutely separate since his childhood. The bitter trial comes when she is sternly admonished that she must part with the young man under pain of exposure of her name, and her shameful antecedents to the son, who has been led to believe that she had died long ago beloved, and respected by her husband and family. In the end maternal affection triumphs, so to speak, over itself. The mother consents to part in silence, but being already in weak health dies under the effort. The part of the mother is played with genuine art by Miss Hilda Hilton, though from some lack of the touch of truth the pathos of the situation is hardly brought out. Mr. Kyrie Bellew plays the part of the son very naturally, if a little too languidly even for an invalid young man, under the circumstances of the case.

The revival of Mr. Boucicault's lively comedy *London Assurance*, at a VAUDEVILLE matinée last week, would claim notice, if for no other reason, on account of Miss Ada Cavendish's assumption for the first time of the famous Mrs. Nisbett's part of Lady Gay Spanker. Miss Cavendish plays with genuine vivacity, looks handsome and winning, and is altogether the best exponent of the character seen on the London stage in recent years. A slight want of ease and confidence observable may be fairly attributed to the nervousness which even the most experienced performers are apt to experience on a first appearance. This would doubtless soon disappear if, as is probable, there is an intention of transferring this piece to the evening bill. The cast absorbs nearly the entire strength of the company, Mr. William Farren, Mr. H. Neville, Mr. Thorne, Mr. Righton, and others resuming parts with which their names have already been associated. The pert maid is agreeably represented by Miss Kate Phillips, and Miss Alma Murray displays refinement in the character of Grace Harkaway.

Mrs. Swanborough's annual "Costume Reception" took place at the STRAND Theatre last week, and is understood to have resulted in a substantial addition to the funds of the Strand employés Benevolent Association. This lady being seated on a rustic bench at the side of the stage, in company with that celebrated actress, Mrs. Keeley, each in morning attire, members of the Strand company, past and present, were one by one introduced to them, until the stage was nearly filled with the visitors, each of whom wore the costume of some well-known popular part in which he or she had heretofore appeared. As these clever folk gave snatches of song and dance, besides speaking *ad proposito* couples, furnished for the occasion by Mr. Reece, the whole was very sprightly and amusing. Both this feature and the comedy of *Married Life*, which preceded it, awakened enthusiastic applause.

Mr. Hamilton's *Moths*, originally produced at a matinée at the GLOBE Theatre, has now been transferred to the evening programme of the OLYMPIC, whither Miss Litton and her associates have removed for this purpose.—Messrs. Hardy and Comyn Carr's version of *Far from the Madding Crowd*, lately brought out in Liverpool, will be produced to-night for the first time in London at the GLOBE.

Messrs. Stephens and Solomon's comic opera, *Lord Bateman*, long in preparation, will be produced this afternoon at the GLOBE Theatre.

Mrs. Langtry has been playing this week at the NATIONAL STANDARD in *She Stoops to Conquer*, much to the delight of Shoreditch folk.

Mr. G. R. Sims's new romantic drama destined to succeed *The Lights o' London* at the PRINCESS'S is entitled *The Romany Rye*, which, it will be remembered, is the title of one of the late Mr. Borrow's novels of gipsy life.

Mr. Buchanan's two dramas, *Lucy Brandon* and *The Shadow of the Sword*, have been withdrawn after a brief trial.



THE CITY REMEMBRANCERSHIP.—Mr. Robarts' suit against the Corporation of the City of London has been dismissed with costs by Mr. Justice Kay, who gave judgment without calling on the counsel for the defence, and remarked that it was monstrous to suppose that a man being appointed to an office, and accepting it distinctly upon the terms that he was to hold for a year, could snap his fingers at those who appointed him, and claim the office as a life freehold. No proofs had been offered that the law had recognised such a claim, and the plaintiff's case had entirely failed to convince him that he was entitled to the relief he sought. Mr. Robarts has written to the papers saying that he did not subscribe to any standing order or resolution relative to annual election, nor accept the office as one held from year to year. He never heard of anything as to annual election until after he was elected, and he was then informed that the standing order was in actual practice a dead letter.

THE ALLEGED NEXT-OF-KIN FRAUDS.—The two men Shakespear and M'Kenzie were again examined before the Manchester magistrates on Tuesday, and further remanded for a week. Three other arrests have been made, that of Edward Beeton at

Birmingham, and William Evans in London, both of whom have been admitted to bail. The leading spirit, "J. S. Rogers, Esq., B.A." has also been arrested in London, and was to have been brought up at the Mansion House on Thursday. Fresh details of the doings of the "Agency" are daily coming in.

THE LAMSON CASE.—The final affidavits in connection with the respite of the convict Lamson were received at the Home Office on Monday, and Sir William Harcourt's decision was published on Thursday. He considered that the evidence afforded no sufficient ground for interference with the sentence of the law, which was accordingly to be carried out on Friday (yesterday). Lamson left a written statement, minutely describing the "denaturing, demoralising, dementalising" effects upon himself of the excessive and long-continued use of morphia and atrophia.

BURGLARY BY MISTAKE.—At Chester Assizes, a merchant, charged with committing burglary at the residence of his father, admitted having forcibly entered the place with two young men who were charged with him, but pleaded that the goods carried off were his own, and that he had resorted to this means of securing them on the advice of a man he had accidentally met. He had no intention of committing a crime, and no idea that he was bringing ruin on his wife and family. Mr. Justice Chitty, who tried the case, said that he was evidently a man of superior education, and should, therefore, have known that if his father kept property belonging to him he could take action at law. He sentenced him to eighteen months' hard labour, and each of the accomplices to nine months.

TO STEAL ANOTHER MAN'S WIFE is not a criminal offence, as every one knows, nor is it felony in the eye of the law to carry off with her any quantity of clothing, jewellery, or plate, so long as this is done incidental to the main purpose of the elopement. If, however, cash is taken or goods with the idea of converting them into money, the gay Lothario immediately becomes party to a larceny. This is the law as laid down the other day at the Northumberland Assizes by Mr. Justice Watkin Williams, who, moreover, disallowed the prosecutor's expenses, and expressed his approval of the action taken by the Grand Jury in recording their "severest censure" upon his conduct. It is often alleged that there is one law for the rich and another for the poor, and in such a case as this the distinction certainly seems to be very clearly marked.

A LEGAL TECHNICALITY of a somewhat similar nature was successfully urged at the Lewes Assizes on Tuesday, on behalf of two would-be burglars who were indicted for stealing a ladder, but were acquitted because their counsel succeeded in persuading both judge and jury that they had no intention to deprive the owner of the ladder of his property, but only to make use of it to commit a burglary. Both fellows were, however, subsequently charged with conspiring to commit burglary, and, being convicted, were sentenced to two years' imprisonment, the full term allowed by law.

A DANGEROUS FREAK.—On Monday a man named Howard, who is known as the champion one-legged swimmer, jumped from London Bridge into the river, and on being rescued was arrested by a policeman and taken before the Lord Mayor, who sentenced him to three days' hard labour, remarking that it was an absurd and dangerous trick, as he might have injured others as well as himself.

THE RECKLESS USE OF FIREARMS.—At the Chester Assizes, on Monday, a person charged with attempting to murder his wife had a lucky escape. During a quarrel he had drawn a revolver, two barrels of which he fired in succession, but as the wife could only say that she "thought" he pointed the weapon at her, and his father, who was present, and who had indeed disarmed him, declared his belief that "he meant no harm," the jury found that the pistol was fired without guilty intent, which, of course, amounted to acquittal.



THE LAMMING SEASON has been not only a most favourable one, but it has also been marked by great prolificacy. A correspondent, writing from Yorkshire, tells us of a ewe which has just had six lambs at a birth, five of which are living. Two instances of five lambs at a birth are also before us; while there have been recently recorded in the provincial Press several cases of four and three. In connection with lambing we may mention that Mr. Hercus, farmer, of Kirkwall, has a ewe which, although but eight years old, has presented him with no fewer than twenty-eight lambs.—Throughout a large flock we saw this week there were three lambs to every two ewes.

AGRICULTURAL LAND in East Anglia does not now appear to be falling in value, at least the smaller holdings do not. At Walsingham, last week, some lands of a local charity were let by auction. The last letting was in 1875. There was a large attendance, and some very spirited bidding. The lettings finally effected were at 4/- per acre all round, and showed a total rise of 2½ per cent. on the lettings of 1875.

BARNSTAPLE HORSE SHOW has just been held, and has proved a fair success, the number of entries slightly exceeding that of last year's Show, and the character of the animals evoking commendation from the judges. Lord Ebrington's handsome bay, "Norfolk," looked capitally well in its coat, and appeared the very *beau ideal* of a thoroughbred. No opinion disputed the judges' award of the first prize to this fine animal. The mares were the weak point of the Show.

THE MEADOWS.—April showers have not been omitted from the "programme" of one of the most auspicious seasons English agriculture has ever known. The rains that have fallen since Easter have not been heavy, but they have been sufficient to revive legitimate hopes of a good hay crop. In connection herewith it may be well to hint that evil effects are apt to follow on a too-early stocking the meadows. The first luxuriant growth being eaten off, any prolonged absence of rain becomes serious, and a complete failure of the crop may ensue. In many cases it is nearly impossible to allow the artificial grasses to remain unstocked; the ewe flock is so persistent in its wants, that many a field of seeds has to be yielded up to its tender mercies. But in this case the stock should at least be removed at an early date. The artificial pasture has a quick growth, and lost time, if not too long, may be almost made up. In the south-west of England the rains have been heavier than elsewhere, and the meadows are very forward. Devonshire, that paradise of Mr. Blackmore, is favoured indeed. Cuttings of grass seldom begin before the second week in May, yet already

In Eden meadows the grass is down,
And the bells are ringing in Eden town.

A correspondent, writing on the 20th, says that cuttings are selling at sixpence the cut, and in all things so forward a year has very seldom been known. Farmers therefore are quite jubilant, and the proper setting of the apple blossom is the one thing needful for completing their present satisfaction.

COUNTRY BELLS.—Happy is he whose memories of childhood are musical with the sound of sweetly-toned bells borne along with the scent of the fresh hay across the fields of a kindly English landscape. Unhappily not all country churches have musical bells. Hundreds have cracked voices, many are mere tinklers, inaudible at

the distance of a furlong, some churches alas, have no bells at all. Thus it is that we are always glad to hear of a gift of good bells to a country parish, and are especially glad when, as in the present week, we have heard of three separate instances of such gifts. Amidst our satisfaction, however, we must spare a sigh for the perplexities of certain editors of country journals. From the West we read of some new bells being "installed," while from Lincolnshire the news is that "a fine peal of bells will be opened," and in Suffolk "the new bells were inaugurated." This perplexity in the matter of description is more amusing than intelligible. As regards the donation of bells, they are "presented," as regards their placing in church towers they are "hung," while where there is a religious ceremony, they are "blessed."

MR. ROWLAND WINN, M.P., ON AGRICULTURE.—Speaking at a local meeting the other day, Mr. Winn said the shifting of duty from malt to beer had not benefited English farmers in any way whatever. On the contrary, they had been material losers by it. He believed it had the effect of reducing the mean value of barley by quite five shillings per quarter, and that it had also introduced a quantity of foreign material for making beer in substitution of barley. As to the law of distress, he believed it operated far more in favour of the farmers than against them. As a landlord he did not fear he should be able adequately to protect himself whether distress was abolished or not. Personally he preferred the Lincolnshire custom, and allowed his tenants four or five months' credit after the rent was due. Entailed estates, Mr. Winn said, were as well farmed as properties held in fee simple. The questions of entail and primogeniture did not concern the farmers.

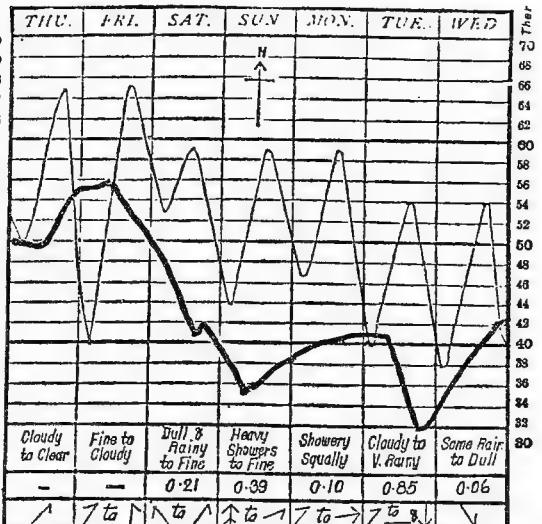
ROOTS.—Farmers do not always bear in mind the happy alternatives of turnip and mangold cultivation. Turnips do not thrive well on heavy land, but that is the soil which suits the mangold best. Liberal manuring pays, for the mangold is a gross feeder, and the more you do for them the more they yield. With good management on ordinary land thirty tons an acre can be raised without much difficulty. In the marshes of Lincolnshire it is not uncommon for sixty tons to be obtained, and on sewage land the acreage yield has in some cases been over eighty tons. Now, the difference between thirty and eighty tons is 266 per cent., and although specially heavy manuring costs no light sum, yet it may safely be said that it would add far less than two and two-thirds times to the ordinary cost of cultivation. Thus, heavy manuring pays both absolutely and proportionately.

THE BITTERN.—A correspondent calls our attention, in language of considerable force, to the fact that a bittern was seen the other day at Lytham, in Lancashire, on the 15th, and was shot by the "sportsman" who had the fortune to sight a bird not seen in Lancashire since the year 1854. There seems to be only one cure for these acts of stupid extermination. These are some dozen or score of birds which were once common in England, but have now become almost as rare as moas in New Zealand, or rytinas in Alaska. These birds might we think be scheduled in a Rare Birds' Preservation Act, and their killing made absolutely penal, whether on the "sportsman's" own land or elsewhere. Such an Act would claim to be no more than temporary, and we believe few people would oppose its being made law, say for septennial renewable periods.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.—There has seldom been a more curious birth than that of the elephant-headed calf at Camelot. This creature was born with a perfect elephant-head, including a trunk six inches long. The carcass has been sent to a scientific museum.—On the 15th of April swallows were seen at places so far apart as Kelso in North Britain and Shepley in South Devon. In the former place the appearance is very early, but at Shepley it is by no means abnormal.—There appears to be hardly any limit to a bird's choice of a nest. The present week brings us news of a robin building in a discarded copper kettle, and of a blackbird making its home in a disused pheasant coop.—Fish must be scarce off the Orcades for cormorants to come ashore and feed with tame birds. Many have been picked up half dead through want of food.—The nightingale has been heard in Kent since the 13th of April.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

FROM APRIL 20 TO APRIL 26 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather of the past week has been rendered extremely unsettled by the passage of an almost constant succession of depressions, two of which have been of considerable importance. The first of these advanced to our south-west coasts on Saturday night (22nd inst.), and reached the midland counties by next morning, its progress being marked by a slight gale from the south-west during the early hours of Sunday (23rd inst.), and some very heavy showers, which measured about four-tenths of an inch in the gauge. The second appeared near the Cornish coast on Tuesday morning (24th inst.), and travelled slowly eastward in the course of the day. As it came on the wind blew lightly from the east and south-east, and heavy rain fell for several hours, while in its rear a strong northerly breeze was experienced, with a continuation of heavy showers, lasting until the early hours of Wednesday morning (25th inst.). At the close of the period the wind held northerly, the barometer was rising generally, and an improvement seemed probable, but dry weather did not appear likely to last long. Temperature was a little above the average on Thursday and Friday (26th and 27th inst.), but at the close of the period it was decidedly below it, the maximum on Wednesday (26th inst.) being only 53°. The barometer was highest (30.29 inches) on Friday (27th inst.); lowest (29.10 inches) on Tuesday (25th inst.); range, 1.19 inches. Temperature was highest (65°) on Thursday and Friday (26th and 27th inst.); lowest (38°) on Wednesday (26th inst.); range, 27°. Rain fell on five days. Total amount, 1.61 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.85 inches, on Tuesday (25th inst.).

THE PROPOSED TUNNEL THROUGH MONT BLANC is already being opposed on scientific grounds. One Swiss engineer states that part of the tunnel must be cut through a formation of anhydrous gypsum, which swells on exposure to the air, and is almost impossible to stay. Further, the temperature of the galleries would vary from a minimum of 86 deg. Fahr. to a maximum of 122 deg., judging from the experience of St. Gotthard Tunnel, whose engineer fully shares this opinion.

MARRIAGE

On the 20th inst., at St. James's, Piccadilly, by the Rev. W. Inge, Provost of Worcester College, Oxford, assisted by the Rev. Dacre Craven, brother-in-law of the bridegroom, the Rev. EDWARD CHARLES ADAMS, Fellow of Worcester College, Oxford, and of the Lindens, St. Leonard's-on-Sea, to JANE ELIZABETH, second daughter of H. VEVERS, Esq., of Highmore, Hereford, and grand-daughter of the late Colonel Gwynne, Monmouth, Cardiganshire.

STAINES and WEST DRAYTON RAILWAY COMPANY.—The Share List will close for London and the County on Tuesday, the 2nd May. By Order.

STAINES and WEST DRAYTON RAILWAY COMPANY. Incorporated by Acts of Parliament, 36, 37, 41, 44, and 45 Victoria. An Important Connecting Line between the Great Western, London and South-Western, and (ultimately) the London and North-Western Railways. Capital £100,000—viz., £75,000 in 7,500 Shares of £10 each, and Borrowing Powers to the extent of £25,000. Payable 10s. per Share on application, £10s. on allotment, and the balance in sums of £2 per Share at intervals of not less than three months. The Shareholders' liability is strictly limited to the amount of their Shares. Payment in advance may be made on allotment, or at any subsequent time, subject to its acceptance at the discretion of the Board, upon which sums interest at the rate of five per cent. will be paid by the Contractor during the construction of the Line. Where no allotment is made the application money will be returned in full.

DIRECTORS.

W. J. R. COTTON, Esq., M.P., and Alderman, Chairman. Admiral Sir George Ellice, K.C.B. C. J. H. Towne, Esq., Huntsmore Park, Uxbridge, and Weald Hall, Brentwood.

W. H. Cotton, Esq., Director of the Welland Railway. R. J. Jenkins, Esq. (of Messrs. Newton, Jenkins and Co.), Director of the Tern Valley Railway Company. Captain Daniel Bayley, Chairman of the Kempton Park Company (Limited).

BANKERS.

Messrs. Bosanquet, Salt and Co., 73, Lombard Street, E.C. Messrs. Ashby and Co., Staines, Middlesex.

ENGINEER.—William Dennis, Esq., M.Inst.C.E., 3, Victoria Street, Westminster Abbey, S.W.

SOLICITORS.

Messrs. Cooke, Parkinson, and Oakley, 53, Chancery Lane.

Messrs. Horne and Engel, Staines, Middlesex.

BROKERS.—Messrs. Nickisson, Evans and Co., 7, Drapers' Gardens, E.C.

AUDITORS.—Messrs. Foster, Hight and Co., 3, Cophall Buildings, E.C.

SECRETARY.—M. Stephenson, Esq.

OFFICES—28, St. Mary Axe, E.C.

PROSPECTUS.

The Royal Assent to this undertaking in its present form having been obtained on the 10th of August last, the Directors now invite the co-operation of the public, and especially those interested in the locality, and in the three large Railway systems this Line will link together—viz., the Great Western, the London and South-Western, and (ultimately) the London and North-Western—to carry this important work to a successful termination.

This Railway, about 5½ miles in length, leaves the London and South-Western Railway westward of the Staines Station, crosses the Bath Road half a mile east of Cobbrook, and terminates by a junction with the Great Western Railway near the West Drayton Station.

With the exception of the Surbiton Lines there is no Railway communication between the Great Western and the South-Western Railways near London than at Reading; the Staines and West Drayton Railway, therefore, will not only prove a great accommodation to the locality, but will also form the readiest means for the conveyance of through traffic.

This Railway will pass over a perfectly level country, and a glance at the Map accompanying the Prospectus will show that it is destined, in connection with the Uxbridge and Rickmansworth Railway, authorised in the last Session of Parliament, to form an integral portion of a through North and South Line of communication.

The only contract which has been entered into by the Company includes the construction of the Line, the opening of it for public traffic, and the payment of all costs, charges, and expenses. Legal, Engineering, Parliamentary, Incidental, and otherwise, due to the completion of the Line, for the total sum of £80,000.

The Contractor, besides undertaking to pay interest at 5 per cent. during construction on all sums accepted and paid in advance of calls, is bound to maintain the Line and Works for a period of six months after the same have been taken over by the Company.

The Line is to be completed within 18 months from the commencement of the Works.

The Great Western and South-Western Railways are authorised by Act of Parliament to work this Railway, and are prepared to give every facility for the construction of the Line.

Large returns may be looked for from the carriage of Coal and Bath Stone from West Drayton to Staines (the great proportion of the coal now consumed in and around Staines coming from South Wales), and this, with the various kinds of mill produce originating in the locality, together with passenger traffic in a district assuming a Metropolitan character, increase the prospect of a quick, satisfactory, and remunerative return.

Altogether the Line will start under very favourable circumstances. It supplies a want long felt in the locality. It is within a short distance of the Metropolis. It is placed between two large Railway Systems, and offers to both a convenient means for interchange of traffic; and it occupies a position which points to its becoming a most important link in future Railway arrangements.

Copies of the Prospectus and Forms of Application for Shares can be obtained from the Bankers, Brokers, and Solicitors, and from the Offices of the Company.

The Contract and other documents may be seen at the Offices of the Company.

Dated 29th March, 1882.

WORTH ET CIE., ARTISTES EN CORSETS.

"When Nature fails, then Art steps in."

Ladies who have any regard for their figures, appearance, and fit of their dresses should, before ordering elsewhere, send for our Illustrated and Descriptive Circular of Patent Corsets. Bust Improvers, Troussous, Layettes, &c. Patent Fit Guaranteed.

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"The 'South Caradon,' whose mines are situated on the Caradon Hill, in Cornwall, were set in operation by a small unimportant proprietary, and before twelve months had elapsed vast discoveries had been made by which this Company became at once a splendid prize, and has ever since been yielding enormous profits, amounting in all up to the year 1870 to £734 per share, the first cost of which was only twenty-five shillings per share."

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With the foregoing remarks we now draw the attention of our readers to a venture in North Wales that has all the characteristics of a sterling undertaking, and one that "reports in the neighbourhood of the mines state," will be a nucleus of future great riches to those who invest therein.

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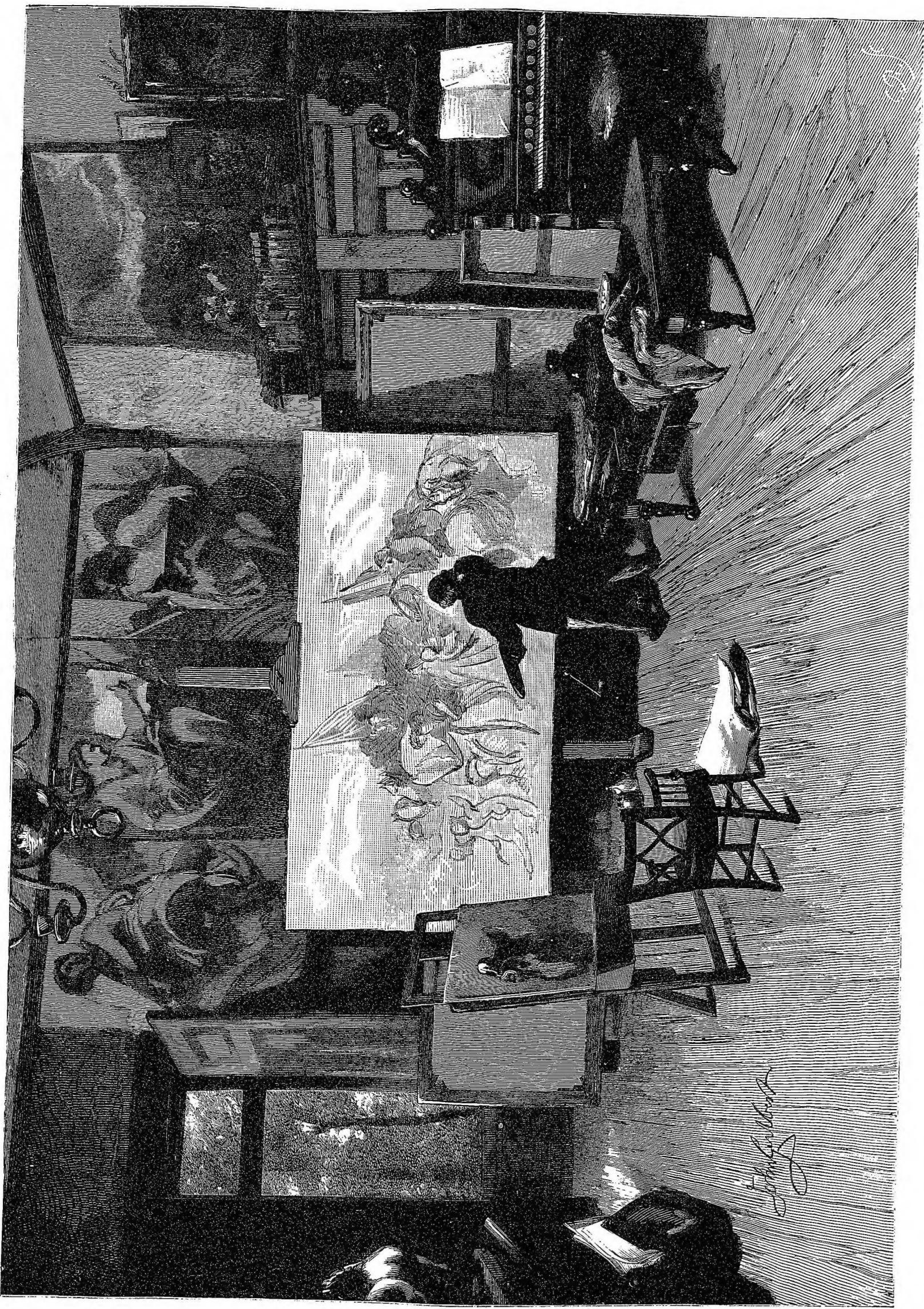
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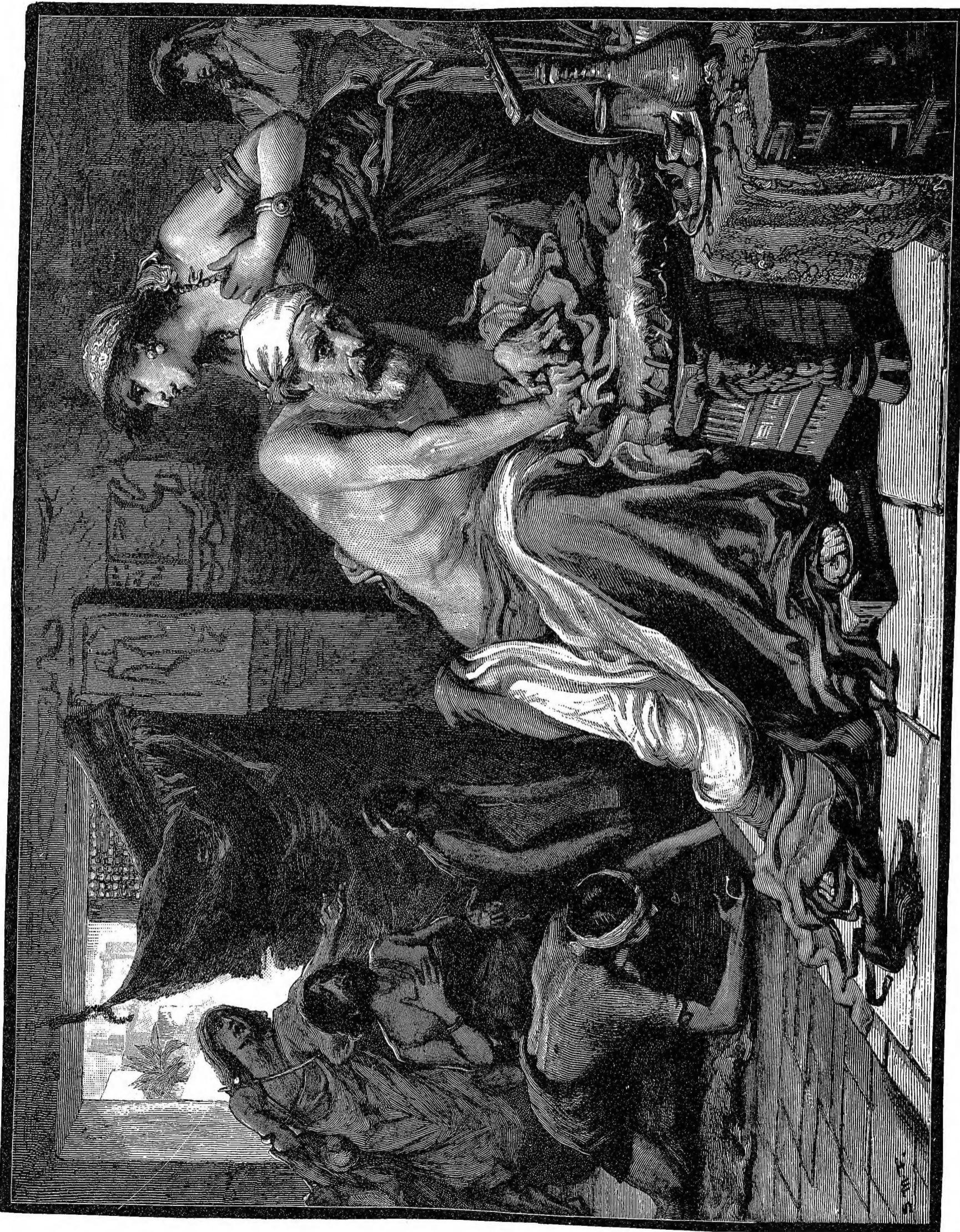
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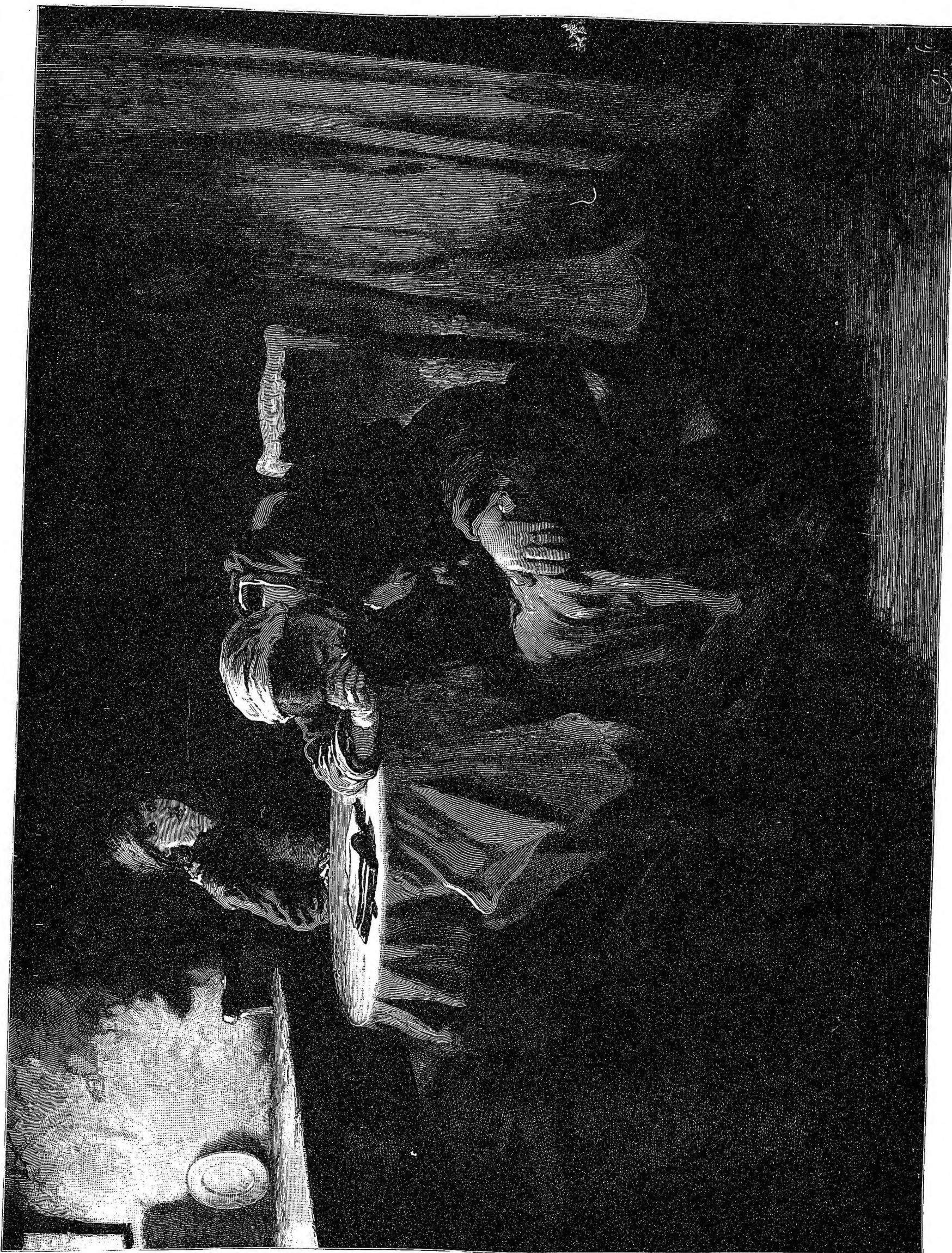
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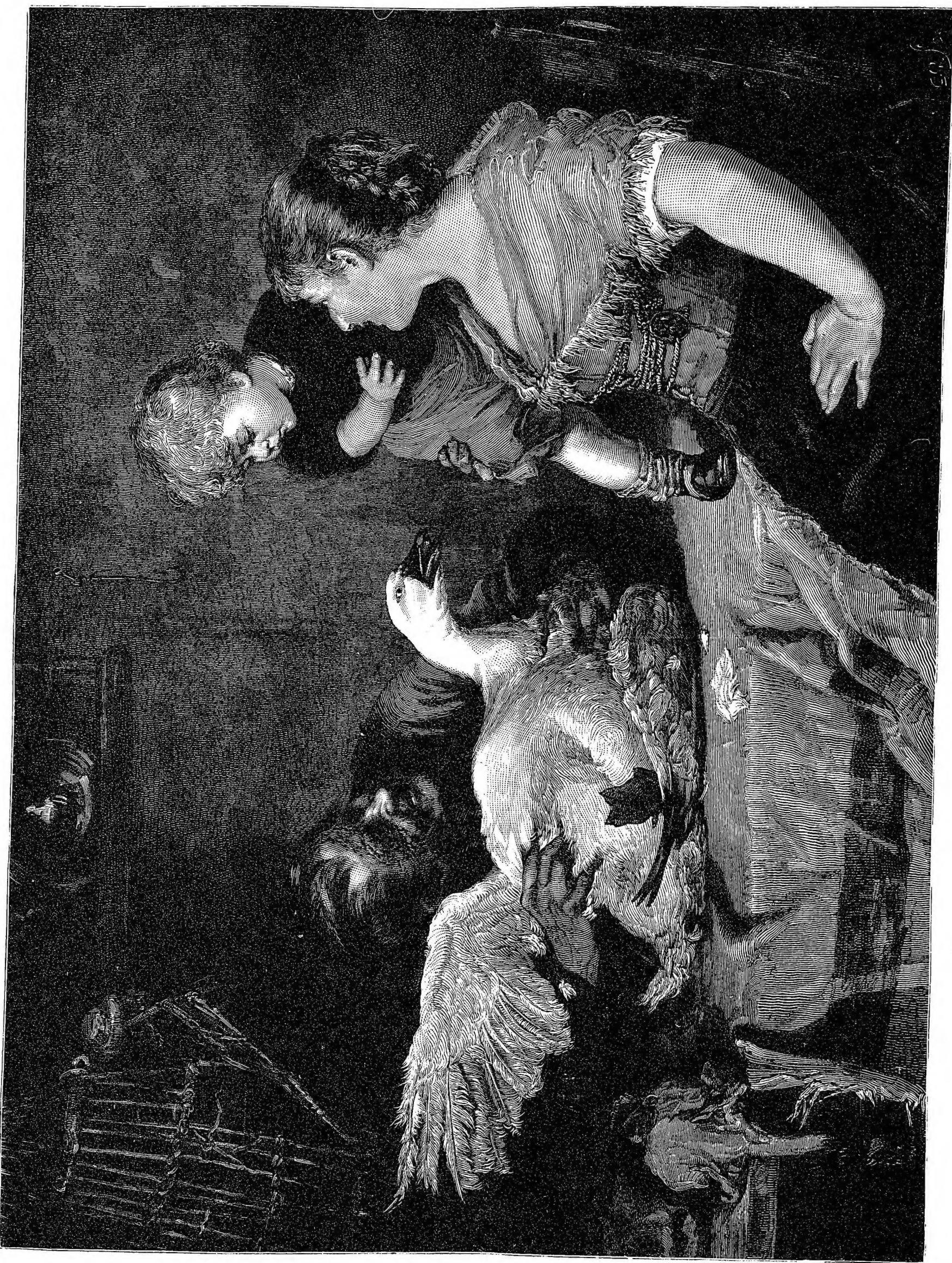


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